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PETERSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

Vol. xxxxi MAY—1953 No. 1

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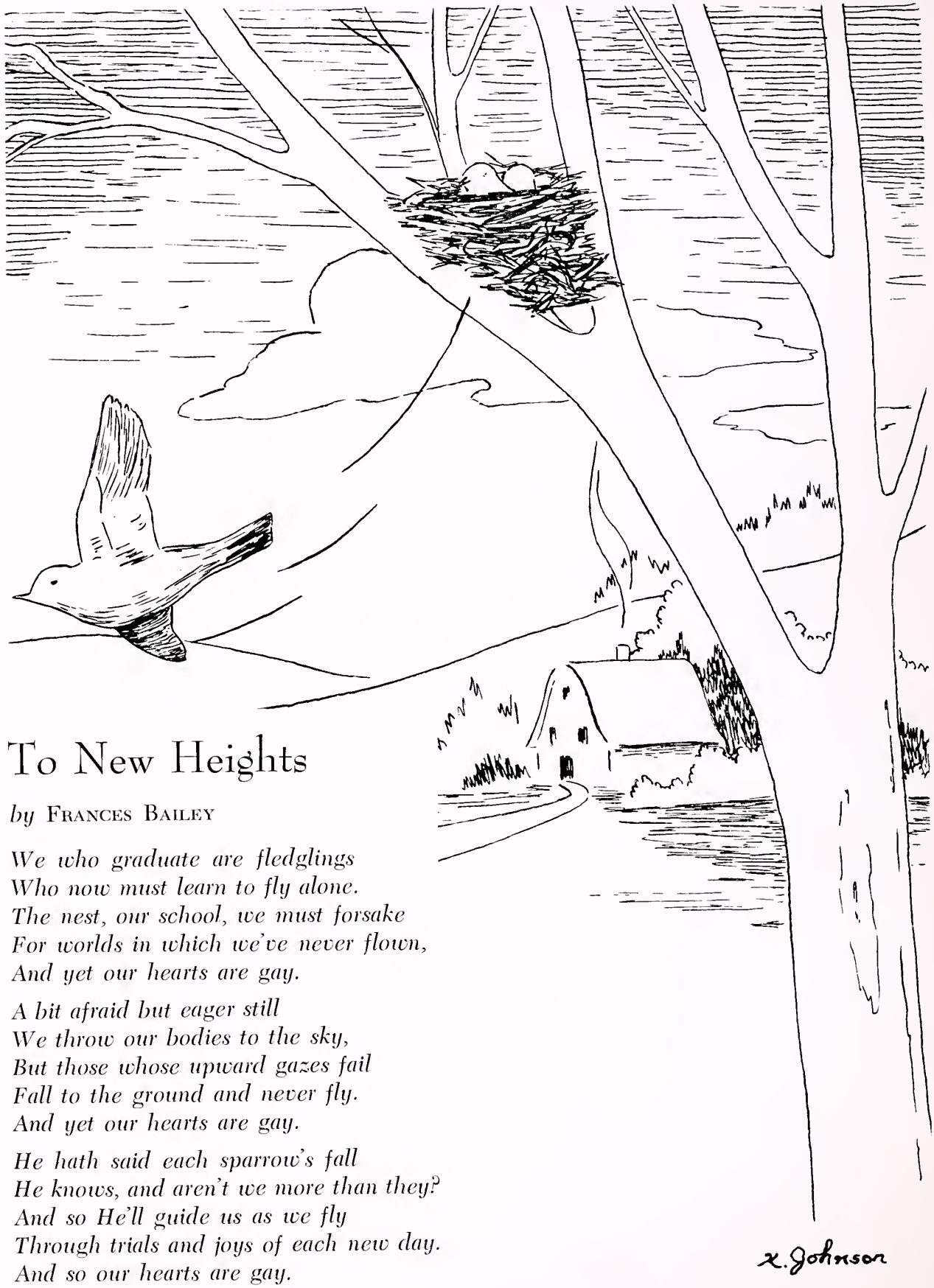

To New Heights

by Frances Bailey

We who graduate are fledglings
Who now must learn to fly alone.
The nest, our school, we must forsake
For worlds in which we've never flown,
And yet our hearts are gay.

A bit afraid but eager still
We throw our bodies to the sky,
But those whose upward gazes fail
Fall to the ground and never fly.
And yet our hearts are gay.

He hath said each sparrow's fall
He knows, and aren't we more than they?
And so He'll guide us as we fly
Through trials and joys of each new day.
And so our hearts are gay.

Petersburg High School

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1953

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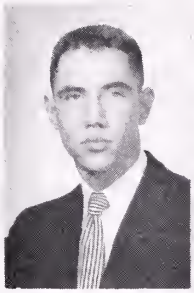

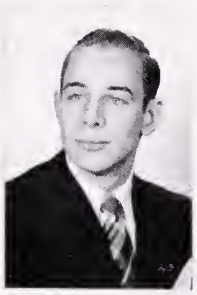

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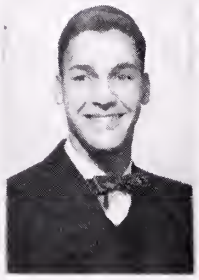

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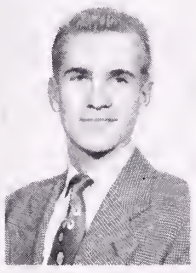

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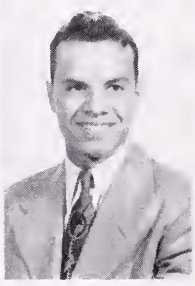

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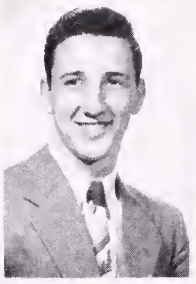

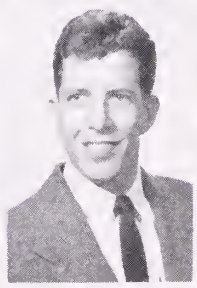

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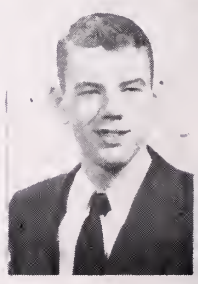

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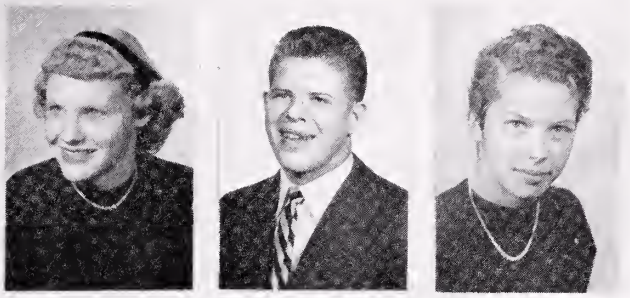

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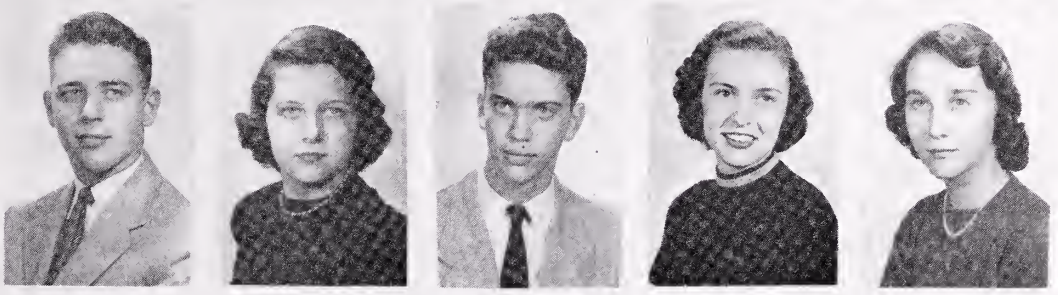

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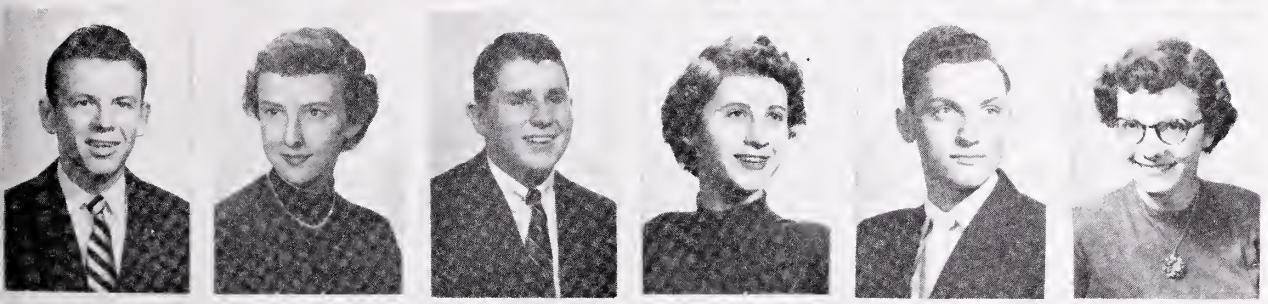

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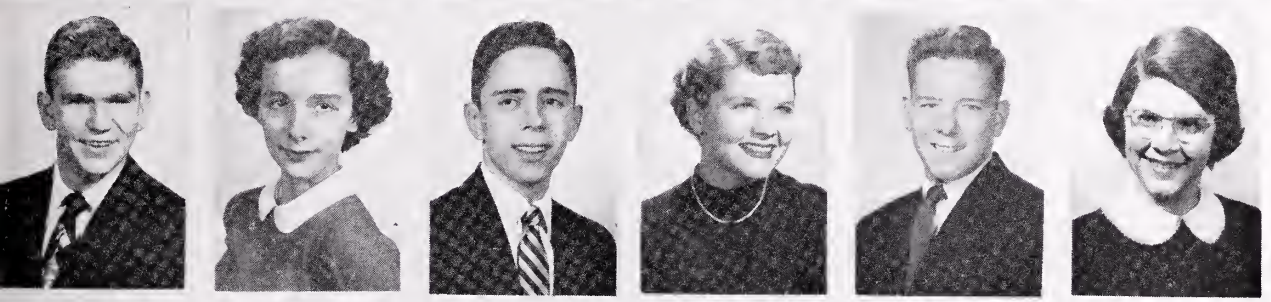

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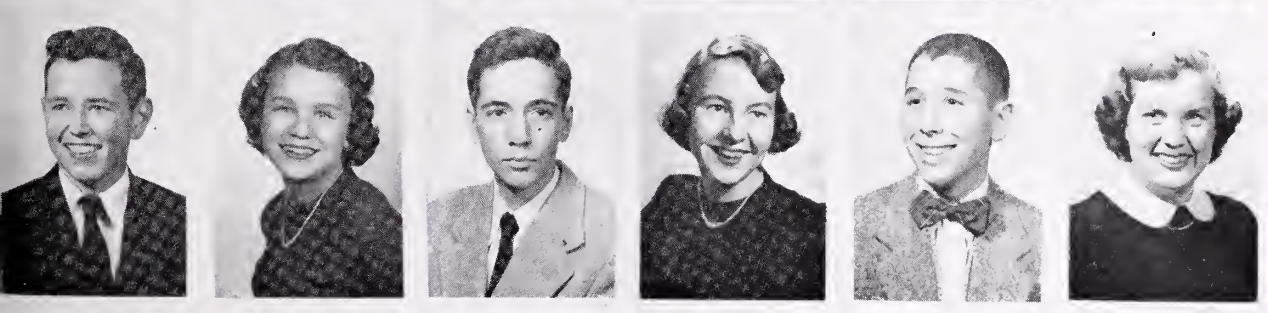

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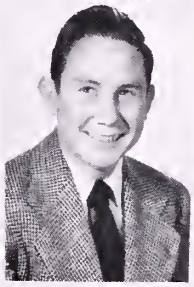

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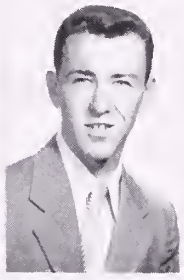
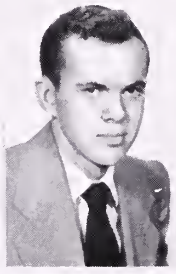

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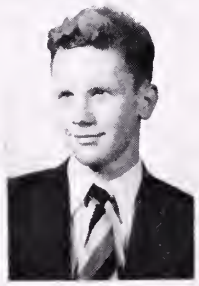

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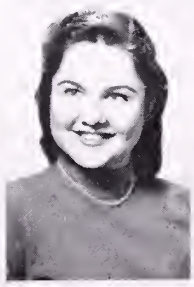
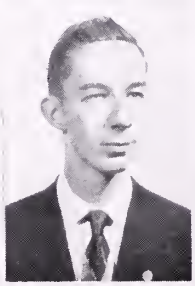
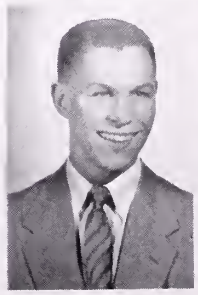

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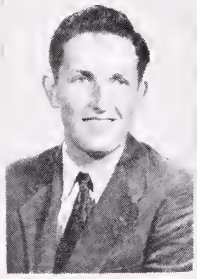

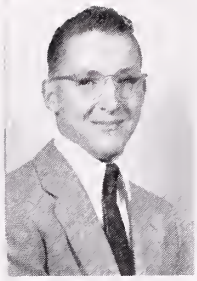

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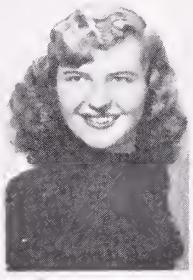

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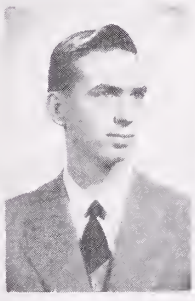

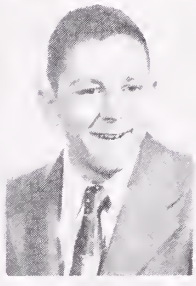

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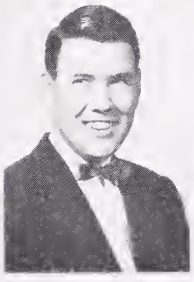

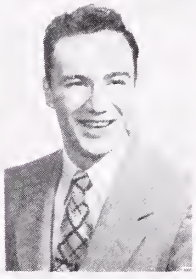

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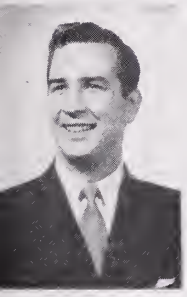

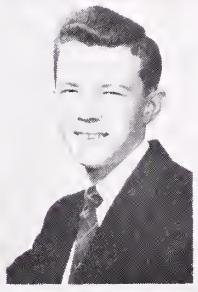

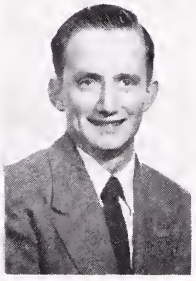

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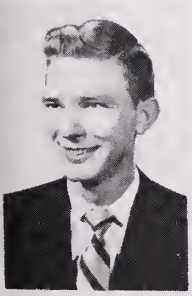

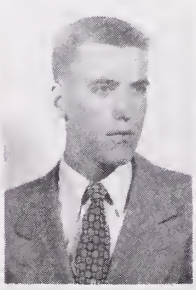

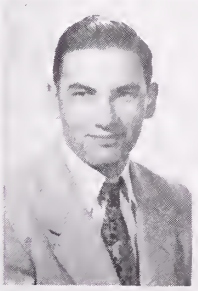
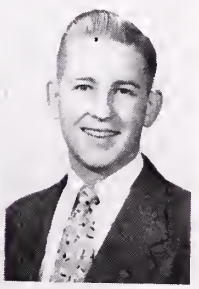

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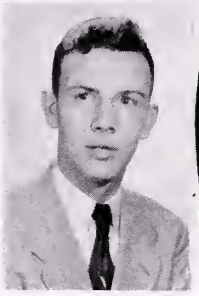
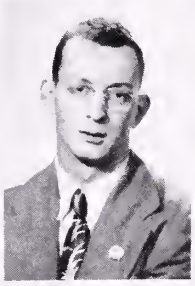
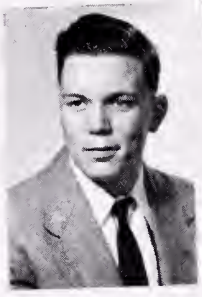


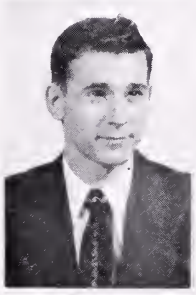
PHS

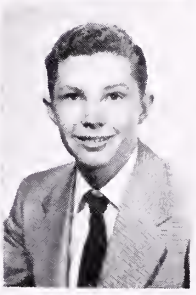
Janice Marie Wine
Ralph Clifton Berger, Jr.
Nancy Sherie Douglas
Benjamin Rucker Mason

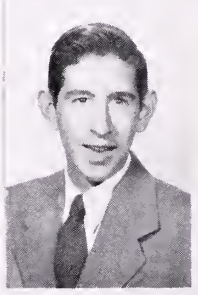




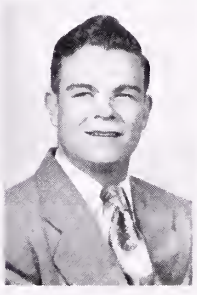
Robert Marvin Belcher
Joan Marie Perkinson
Phillip Carroll Johnson
Nancy Lee Radcliffe
James Naff Mitchell
Betty Elaine Perkins

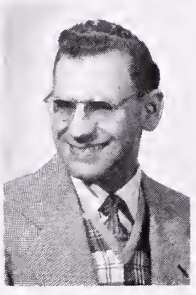
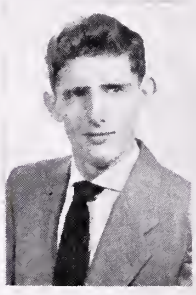




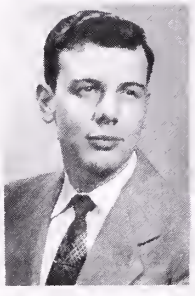


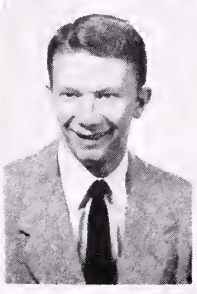
James Evan Snead
Edward Benjamin Hawkins
Donna Claire McElwain
John Adam Stuckey
Irving Leon Wicks
Constance Miller Traylor

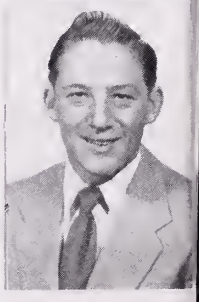


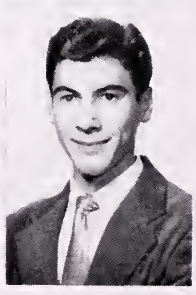
Eugene Gray Thompson
Elsie Louise Wade
Nelson Ray Ramsey
Vivian Juliette Williams
Mary Louise Traylor
William Thomas Watkins







Robert Weldon Robertson
Shirley Ann Pond
Richard Lee Vaughan
Catherine Gardiner Goodwyn
Claiborne Eugene Edwards
Shirley Ann Spain



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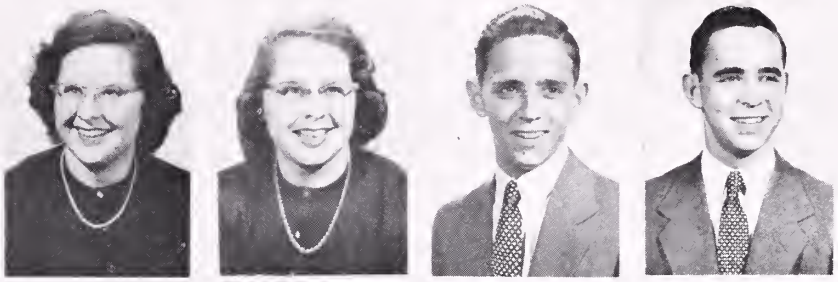
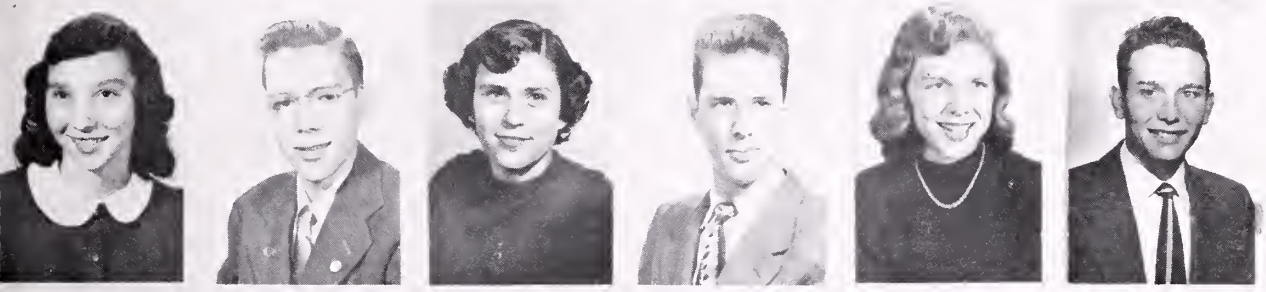
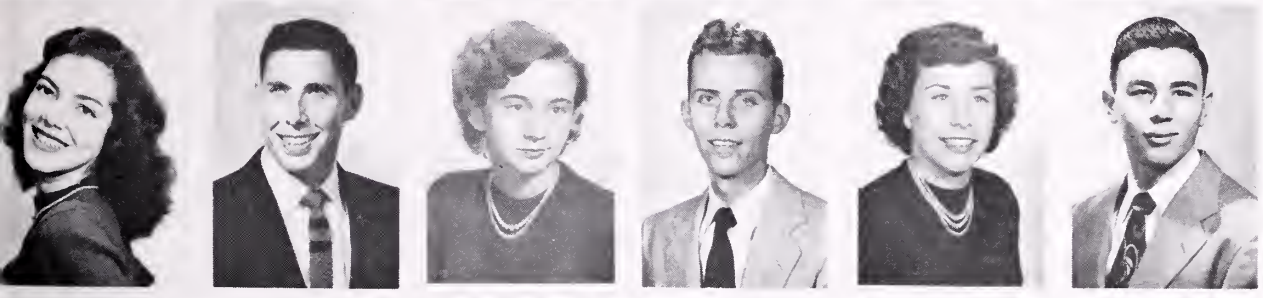
Wilbur Lloyd Sholes
Winnie Mae Mayton
Albert LaVerne Hartle, Jr.



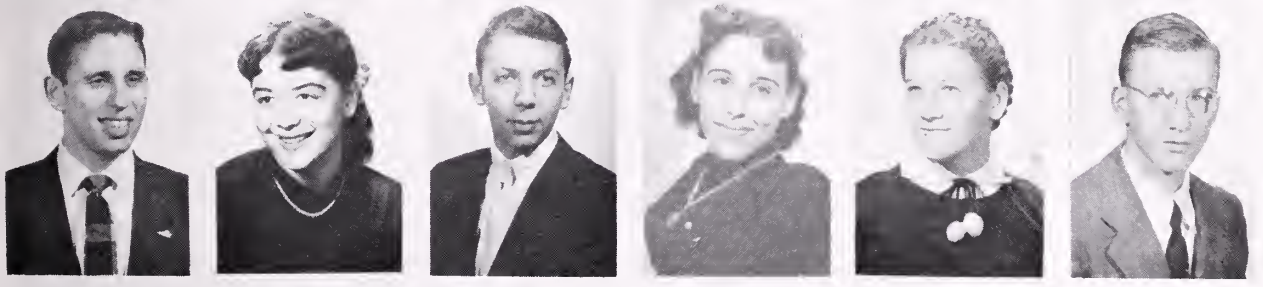
Juanette Prescott
Janette Prescott
James Madison Williams
Samuel Mason Williams



Mildred Carolyn Horne
Gilbert James Henshaw
Margaret Rose Powell
Ronald Wells Simon
Shirley Rives Vaughan
Robert Lee Howerton



Dorothy Louise Wawner
Leslie Arnold Bowman, Jr.
Betty Sue Baldwin
Raymond Melvin Pamplin
Rose Marie Hogwood
John Edward Chandler, Jr.



Stanley Brandon Kamm
Phyllis Sara Hirshhorn
Sherman Brandon Lubman
Elinor Sarah Dorsk
Marian Jeanne Mayer
Robert Howe Mayer

Douglas Lee Vaughan
Judith Marie Bridgeman
Karl Bogart Maddrey, Jr.
Joan Jaunita Puryear
Howard Everette Minetree
Prince Leslie Fuller, Jr.

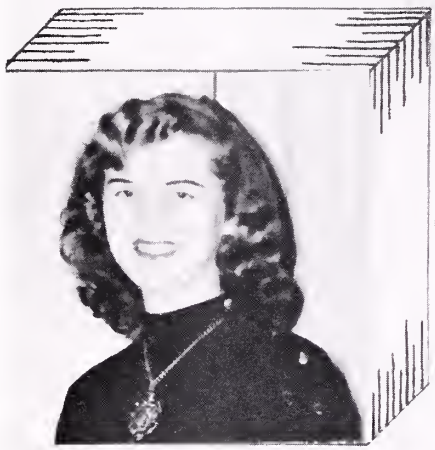
P.H.S.

FIRST SHOWING

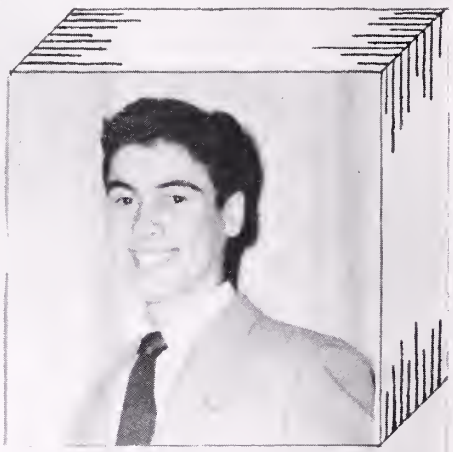
WHO'S WHO

FEB. 1953

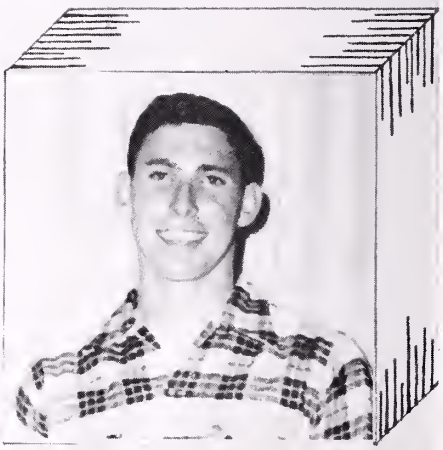
STARRING

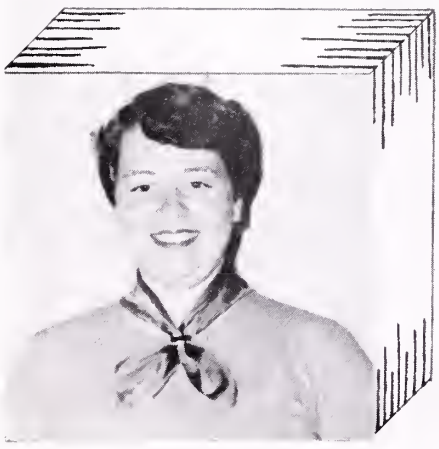


JOAN LEMON
AND
CLAIBORNE EDWARDS
AS
BEST LOOKING



JOYCE SHERRILL
AND
LESLIE BOWMAN
AS
BIGGEST FLIRTS





SHIRLEY POND
AND
JOHN STUCKEY
AS
CRAZIEST

Doug James + Bill Scott

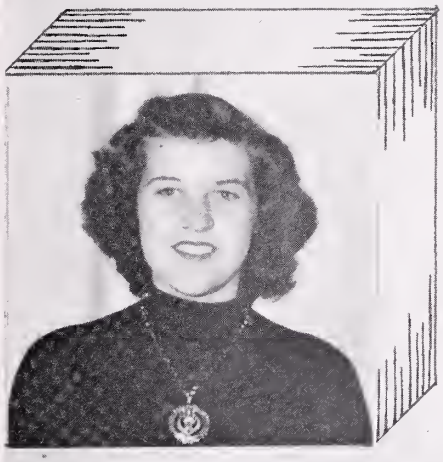
P.H.S.

FIRST SHOWING

WHO'S WHO

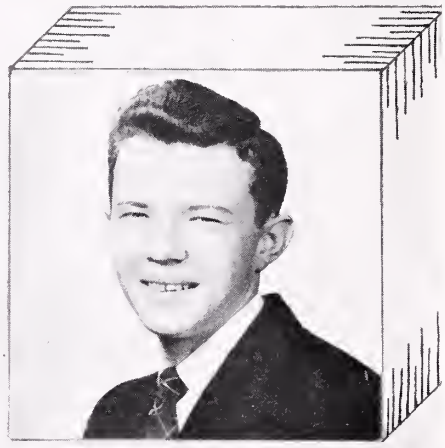
FEB. 1953

STARRING



ELAINE PERKINS
AND
BILL CHAMBERS
AS
BEST ALL-ROUND

JUDITH BRIDGMAN
AND
DICK JONES
AS
BRAINIEST



ANITA WEBB
AND
WOODROW TRAYLOR
AS
BEST ATHLETES

Doug. Tipps & Bill Scott

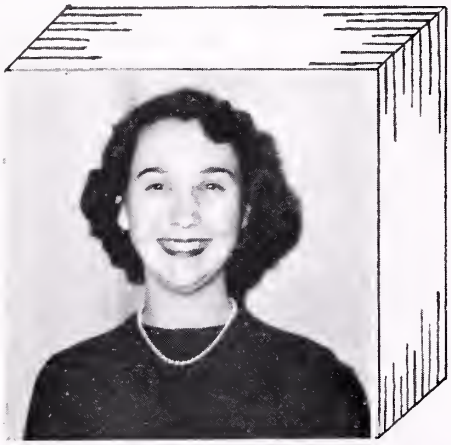
P.H.S.

FIRST SHOWING

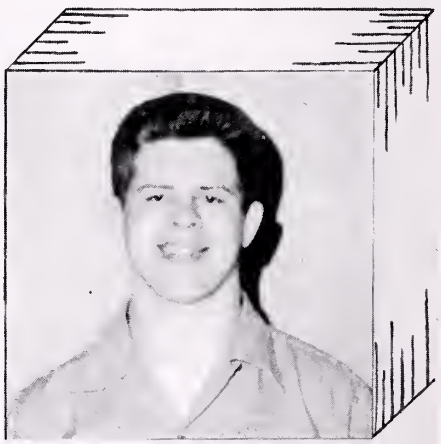
WHO'S WHO

JUNE 1953

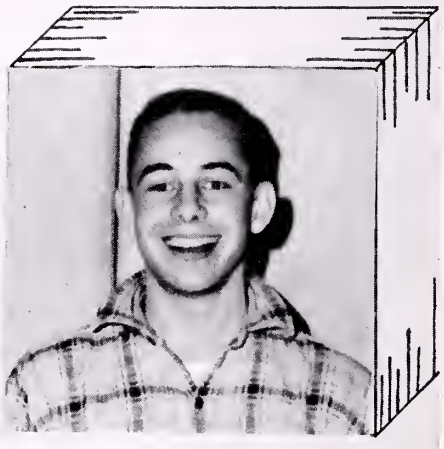
STARRING

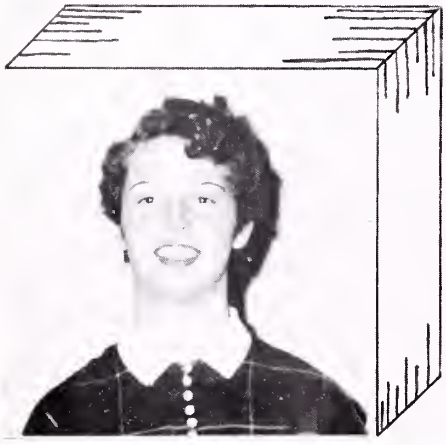


HARRIET WYCHE
AND
SANDY EVANS
AS
BEST ALL-ROUND



RUTH TIPTON
AND
JACK BORTZ
AS
BRAINIEST





KIT JOHNSON
AND
K.B. MADDREY
AS
BEST ATHLETES

Doug James

P.H.S.

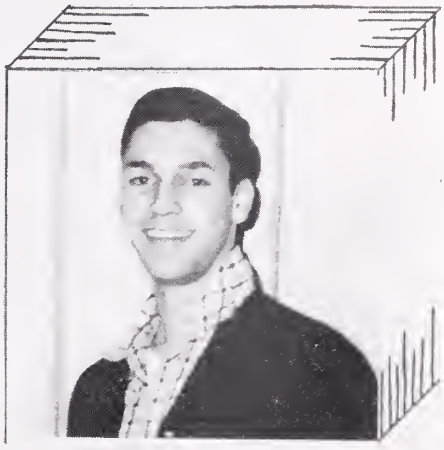
FIRST SHOWING

WHO'S WHO

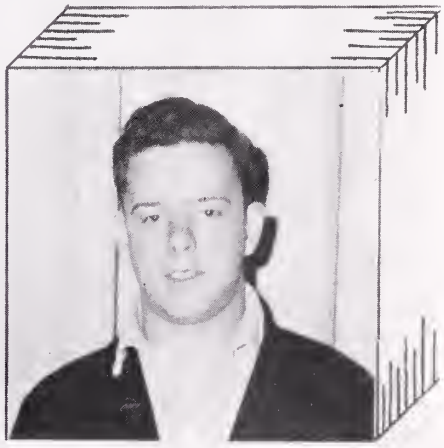
JUNE 1953

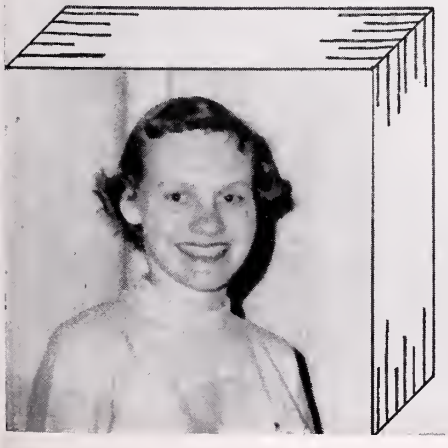
STARRING

ANN WAGNER
AND
HERBERT CLARKE
AS
BEST LOOKING



CONNIE TRAYLOR
AND
PAUL WILLIAMS
AS
BIGGEST FLIRTS





PAT HARRIS
AND
BOBBY HOWERTON
AS
CRAZIEST

Doug. James

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Burton Alexander
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Circulation ..... Mr. A. W. Lloyd
Photograph ..... Mr. Edmond Congdon

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Clarissa Mayfield
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Mary Talmage
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John Willis
Norman Wong

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Ruth Tipton
Beverly Rosenbaum
Marlene Braver
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Margaret Hunter
Ann Lawrence
Jimmy Rust

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Nancy Gailey
Barbara Spaight
Jane Cone
Lynne Sehellberg
Lou Lesley
Bryant Pope
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Jean Kitehen
Phyllis Rafnell
Janet Congdon

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Peggy Baker
Parker Cunningham
Bobby Lee
Sylvia Osmundson
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Than Penington
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Bobby Oslin

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Mr. J. W. Sutherland
Mr. A. W. Lloyd
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Clerk ..... Betty Hartley
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Cora Blackmore
Helen Searborough
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Margueritte Jennings
Gladys Wilkinson
Frances Evans
Janie Lee Reynolds
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Gladys Spencer
Shirley Willcox
Helen Cover

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James Sutherland
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Frank Haynes
Edward Swope
James Micklem
Morris Murphy

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H. S. Holmes
Ralph Stronach
Addinell Lloyd
Edward Wilson
D. Pinckney Powers
Burton F. Alexander
H. Augustus Miller, Jr.
Edward B. Smoot
Edmond Congdon

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Adviser ..... Mr. H. A. Miller, Jr.

Left to Right

Ann Wagner
Jumbo Seward
Billy Chambers
Mr. H. A. Miller, Jr.
Sandy Evans
Jerry Moyer
Betty Hinton

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President ..... Kit Johnson
Adviser ..... Miss Ellen Moyer

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Carol Lavenstein
Beverly Rosenbaum
Janice Wine
Richard Counts
Kit Johnson
Bobby Duncan
Sandy Evans
Nancy Fowler
Bill Feazel
Landon Smith
Betsy Goodman
Norma Jean Collins
Bobby Laney
Dabney Short

"C", Clockwise

Irving Lewis
Arie Fenderson
Arlick Brockwell
Jill Hess
Dawna Dow
Skitchy Rudy
Montie Swope
Tucker Ramsey
Jack Harvey
Stanley Kamm
Joe Blankenship

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President ..... Read McGehee
Vice-President ..... Tom Berry
Secretary ..... Pat Harris
Adviser ..... Mr. H. S. Holmes

Left to Right

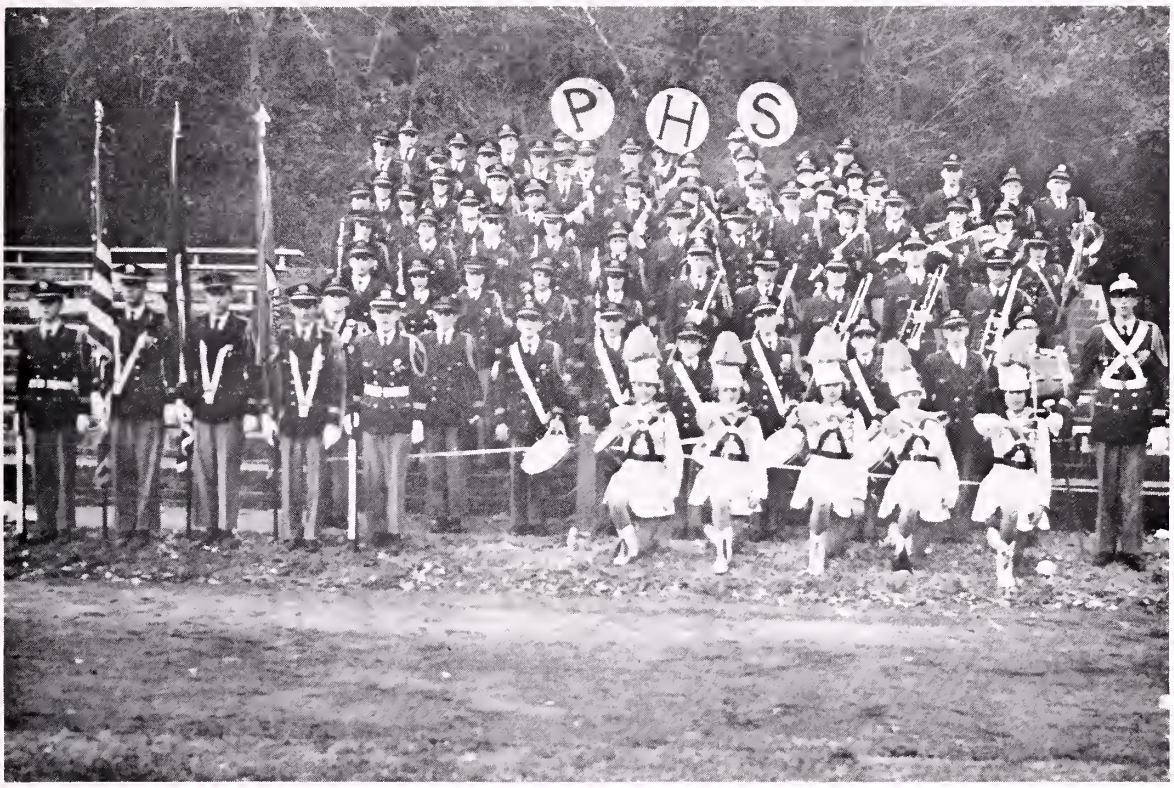
Jumbo Seward
Alfred Knight
Raymond Birdsong
James Snead
Mike Wilkerson
Bill Shiner
Bill Feazel
James Whelan
Tommy Marek
Jack Bortz
George Dempsey
Otis Moreman
Clabo Ramsey
Kenneth Ellis
Marvin Boswell

Fletcher Wright
Bill Hobeck
Bobby Corter
Harriet Wyche
Betty Hinton
Mary Woodrum Jones
Pat Harris
Read McGehee
Tom Berry
Mary Gleason
Bookie Pugh
Ann Norris
Janet Butler
Barbara Goodman
Gayle Peoples

Barbara Winfield
Lou Lesley
Anne Robertson
Woodie Traylor
Than Penington
Sandy Evans
Paul Williams
Billy Ritchie
Jack Harvey
Nelson Ramsey
Bobby Hatchett
Herbert Clarke
Terry Collett
Jimmy Smith

Upper Center

Tucker Ramsey
Mr. Holmes
Leslie Bowman



The Band

Director ..... Mr. Ralph Stronach

Drum Major
Donald Lockett

Majorettes
Connie Traylor
Joyce Daniel
Pat Tudor
Kay Dunnivant
D'Este Poole

Color Guard
Donald Ellington
Whitney Harwell
Dabney Short
Clifford Kalb
Franklin Jefferson

Flutes
Betsy Bruner
Carole Ann Torrence
Kay Scoggin
Binnie Mollock

Clarinets
Jack Bortz
Janet Petty
Edward Gerry
Carolyn Horne
Fred Clements
Joan Walker
Elva Jane Wynne
Cazell Kirkland
Margaret Fields
Louise Tipton
Myrtle Martin
Jimmy Eritt
Barbara Baldwin
Marylyn Sessums
Norma Collins
James Snead

Saxophones
Gerald Nobles
Joyce Jones
Ernest Pannill
Barbara Stanton
Kenneth Ellis
Virginia Tench
Ira Lee Andrews

Trumpets
Charles Hawkins
Lee Litchfield
Robert Mayer
Donald Phelps
Sterling Burton
Charles Poole
Howard Redford
Walter Grutchfield
Tommy Marek
Dorothy Tinney
Claiborne Nemecek
Claude Springfield
Bobby Riley

Horns
Janice Wine
Shelby Harrison
Joyce Simmons
Herman Wilkins

Trombones
William Hobeck
David Murdock
Ronald Simon
Nancy Blankenship
Edward Branch

Baritones
Bobby Mizelle
Spencer Perkins

Basses
Bill Shiner
Tom Anderson
Ralph Rowlett
Jimmy Traylor

Drums
Bobby Walker
James Tinney
Marshall Hughes
Charles Barnes
James Scay
James Rust
Glenn Browder
James Tench
Barrett Bryant

Bell Lyra
Pat Murdock

New Members, not in picture
Lois Ann Parrish
Bernard Bortz
Billy Hartzman
Peg Moore
Marshall Blick
Ronnie Hammers

Glee Club

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Secretary ..... Joanne Bortz
Business Manager ..... Skitchy Rudy
Librarian ..... Barbara Goodman
Librarian ..... Sylvia Osmundson
Director ..... Miss Dorothy Wainwright

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"Skitchy" Rudy
Sylvia Osmundson
Joanne Bortz
Barbara Goodman
Tommy Marek
Dorothy Wainwright

Second Row
Beverly Rosenbaum
Peggy Craven
Catherine Blair
Claudette Spencer
Betty Paige Harte
Mildred Traylor
Ella Mae Dohr
Jane Wade
Lynne Schellberg
Clarissa Mayfield
LaVerna Smith

Third Row
Betty Sue Starr
Jane White
Shirley Hardy
Joan Lemon
Teresa Barreto
Ruth Tipton
Pattie Patram
Catherine Paxton
Mary Talmage
Elinor Dorsk
Delores Lyons

Fourth Row
Mary Allen Petrie
Betty Stanton
Kit Johnson
Betty Jean Britt
Anne Robertson
Beverly MeDowell
Nancy Gailey
Pat Kvasnicka
Phyllis Hirshhorn
Mastin Kitchen

Fifth Row
Betty Byrd Daniel
Randolph Hinkle
Jack Evans
Sherman Lubman
Thomas Russell
Gilbert Henshaw
Otis Moreman
John King
David Young
John Willis

Sixth Row
Edward Webb
Edward Burton
George Dempsey
Howard Minetree
James Ozmar
Bert Currin
Raymond Pamplin
Glenn Myrick
Arlick Brockwell
Marvin Boswell
Bobby Howerton

Seventh Row
Paul Williams
Bruce Moore
Woody Traylor
K. B. Maddrey

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Vice-President ..... Kitta Mayfield
Secretary ..... Mary Allen Petrie
Treasurer ..... David McCants
Adviser ..... Mr. Ed. Wilson

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Frances Bailey
Kitta Mayfield
David McCants

Second Row
Caroline Morris
Betty Sue Starr
Joan Lubman
Charlotte Wall
Delores Puckett
Phyllis Miles

Third Row
Beverly Gibbs
Vivian Williams
Marilyn Ende
Elinor Dorsk
Sharon Clark
Frances Perdue

Fourth Row
Bobby Chandler
Billy Story
Montie Swope
Douglas Temple
Carol Lavenstein
Gerald Nobles

Fifth Row
Edward Blacker
Fleteher Wright
Donald Struminger
Jim Adler
Bobby Laney
Mr. Wilson

Cockadette Staff

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Advisers ..... Mr. J. W. Sutherland
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Harriet Wyche
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James Snead
Joyce Long
Page Tipton
Bill Scott
Catherine Blair
Barbara Stanton
Bobby Howerton
Carolyn Rollison
Dawna Dow
Sidney Sutherland

Third Row
Margaret Hunter
Bryant Pope
LaVerna Smith
Beverly Rosenbaum
Betty Jean Britt
Gayle Swanson
Frances Bailey
Mary Woodrum Jones
Tucker Ramsey
Juanita Puryear

Fourth Row
Cora Willis
Kitta Mayfield
Nancy Gill
Elizabeth Bowen
Anita Webb
Katie Paxton
Douglas James
Marvin Hogue
Lawrence Griffin

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Than Penington
Peggy Baker
Betty Stanton
Martha Lee Williams
Barbara Spaight
Nancy Gailey
John Haines
Jack Harvey
Jimmie Rust
Bobby Walker

Sixth Row
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Carol Lavenstein
David McCants
Donna McElwain
Hugh Moore
Otis Moreman
LaVerne Hartle
Mr. Sutherland

Distributive Education Club

Adviser ..... Mr. Finney

First Row

Betty Lou Estes
Douglas Vaughan
Henry Cates
Clarence Joyner
Shirley Moore

Second Row

Billy Ritchie
Robert Hoyle
Rose Jackson
William Watkins

Third Row

Glen Myrick
George Toth
David Murdock
Franklin Wynn

Fourth Row

Mr. Finney
Ralph Berger
Donald Andrews
Eugene Thompson

Future Homemakers of America

President ..... Emily Greever
Vice-President ..... Betty Lou Addison
Secretary ..... Mary Ann West
Treasurer ..... Caroline Morris
Reporter ..... Vivian Williams
Chaplain ..... Peggy Lou Wilburn
Adviser ..... Miss Helen Page Scarborough

Members:

Shelby Adcock
Betty Lou Addison
Peggy Baker
Betty Baldwin
Leta Barker
Barbara Blankenship
Patricia Bonner
Wanda Bowman
Shirley Branzelle
Marlene Braver
Judith Bridgman
Hope Bulay
Nancy Collins
Janet Congdon
Dian Cummins
Betty Byrd Daniel
Charlotte Davis
Faye Davis
Betty Dennis
Nancy Dobson
Kay Dunivant
Anne Evans
Jean Edwards
Joyce Elmore
Lola Faison
Becky Flye
Jeanette Ford
Sylvia Gardner
Arie Fenderson
Rosemary Gordon
Emily Greever
Sue Griffith
Faye Hall
Minnie Harrup
Betty Paige Harte
Rose M. Hogwood
Pat Hughes
Barbara Jones
Jo Bolling Jones
Shirley Jones
Leilani Johnson
Pat Kvasnicka
Frances Laine
Barbara Leete
Carolyn Little
Elma Mackey
Nancy Mallory
Winnie Mayton
Beverly McDowell
Phyllis Miles
Sue Moody
Carolyn Moon
Mildred Moore
Carolyn Morris
Betty Morrissette
Peggy Odgers
Alease Palmore
Joan Parcells
Catherine Paxton
Frances Perdue
Judith Powell
Shirley Price
Carolyn Pritchett
Donna Pritchett
Delores Puckett
Phyllis Rafnell
Betty Ratcliffe
Arline Riley
Jean Simmons
Joyce Simmons
Charlotte Slate
Betty Smith
Claudette Spencer
Jean Staples
Dot Tinney
Yvonne Voshall
Charlotte Wall
Lucille Watson
Anne West
Mary Ann West
Ann Wheeler
Jane White
Jean Worley
Peggy Wilburn
Jean Willams
Vivian Williams
Peggy Brockwell

Commercial Club

President ..... Charlotte Davis
Secretary ..... Wanda Bowman
Treasurer ..... Carol Fowlkes
Reporter ..... Dorothy Wawner
Adviser ..... Miss Mildred Evans

First Row
Dorothy Wawner
Charlotte Davis
Wanda Bowman
Carol Fowlkes

Second Row
Alease Palmore
Barbara Wall
Jean Williams
Charlotte Slate
Betty Wightman
Jo Bolling Jones
Janette Brantley

Third Row
Jane Wade
Grace Outlaw
Joan Lemon
Joyce Sherrill
Delores Puckett
Phyllis Miles
Cora Willis

Fourth Row
Rose Marie Hogwood
Betty Keys
Levy Ann Tanner
Betty Sanford
Norma Jean Collins
Nancy Mallory
Frances Stone
Claudette Spencer

Fifth Row
Betty Sue Baldwin
Barbara Baldwin
Margaret Powell
Shirley Jones
Betty Dennis
Ann Evans
Betty Smith
Miss Mildred Evans
Betty Jane Carol

Le Cercle Francais

President ..... Bill Scott
Vice-President ..... Catherine Blair
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Ruth Tipton
Adviser ..... Mrs. Pauline Robertson

Clockwise—from bottom

Norman Wong
Nell Roper
Sue Moody
Nancy Gailey
Jean Bosher
Shirley Tyner
Edwin Blacker
Marlene Braver
Skippy Richards
Kitta Mayfield
Carol Lavenstein
Ruth Tipton
Bill Scott

Center

Mrs. Pauline Robertson

Spanish Club

Adviser ..... Miss Gladys Wilkinson

First Row

Lucille Watson
Sue Browder
Carolyn Rollinson
Page Tipton

Second Row

Stanley Kamm
Connie Traylor
Parker Cunningham
Bobby Lee

Third Row

Anita Webb
Raymond Pamplin
Ella Mae Dohr

Fourth Row

George Kvasnicka
Sherman Lubman

Square Circle

Fall Term

President ..... Bryant Pope
Viee-President ..... Mary Woodrum Jones
Seeretary-Treasurer ..... Barbara Goodman

Spring Term

President ..... Barbara Winfield
Viee-President ..... Ann Lawrence
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Than Penington
Adviser ..... Mrs. Helen Cover

First Row
Mary Woodrum Jones
Bryant Pope
Barbara Goodman

Second Row
Kay Scoggin
"Dottie" Gill

Third Row
Barbara Winfield
Harriet Wyche
Betsy Hargrave
Anne Robertson

Fourth Row
Irving Lewis
Mary Talmage
Janet Butler
Skipwith Richards

Fifth Row
Mrs. Helen Cover
Margaret Hunter
Phyllis Tatum
Lou Leslie
Lynne Schellberg
"Scottie" Steele

O. G. Club

Fall Term

President ..... Ann Wagner
Vice-President ..... Wendy Wilkerson
Secretary ..... Pat Vaiden
Treasurer ..... Nancy Harville
Adviser ..... Mrs. Shirley Willcox

Spring Term

President ..... Ann Wagner
Vice-President ..... Barbara Jones
Secretary ..... Nancy Harville
Treasurer ..... Joyce Gates

First Row
Nancy Harville
Ann Wagner
"Wendy" Wilkerson
Pat Vaiden

Second Row
Betty Paige Harte
Pat Kvasnicka
Barbara Jones
Betty Sullivan
Dawna Dow
Delores Landon

Third Row
Mrs. Shirley Willcox
Faye Davis
Sue Moody
Joyce Jones
Joyce Gates
Betty Lou Cole
Joanne Bortz
Patty Patram

Goober Pep Club

Fall Term

President ..... Bookie Pugh
Vice-President ..... Betty Hinton
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Pat Harris
Adviser ..... Mrs. Margueritte Jennings

Spring Term

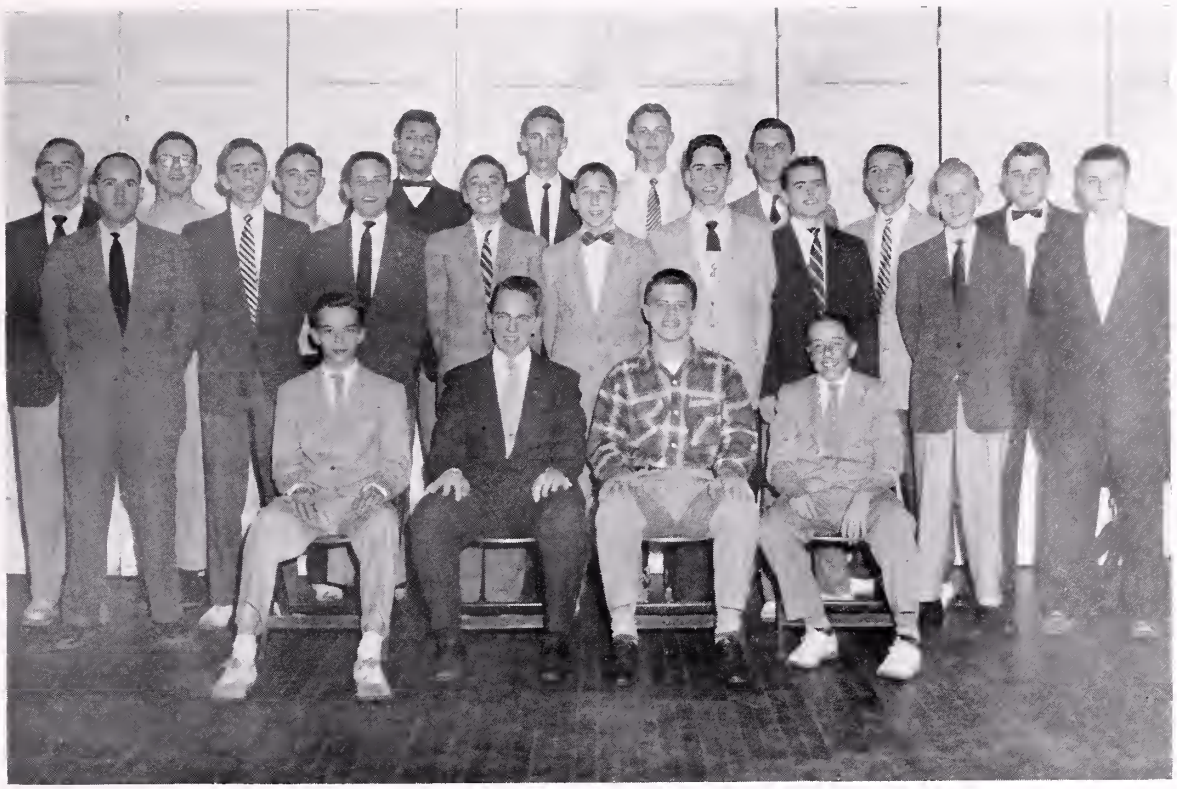
President ..... Pat Harris
Vice-President ..... Jill Hess
Secretary-Treasurer ..... Yolanda Saladino

First Row
Betty Hinton
Bookie Pugh
Pat Harris

Second Row
Betsy Bruner
Betty Jean Britt
Pret Roper
Nell Roper
Barbara Richardson
Anita Lunsford

Third Row
Jean Tench
Hope Bulay
Kitta Mayfield
Jill Hess
Susan Elliot
Joan Wright

Fourth Row
Nancy Gill
Betty Stanton
Kit Johnson
Carol Lavenstein
Betty Harvey
Yolanda Saladino



Cockade Hi-Y

Fall Term

President ..... Sidney Sutherland
Vice-President ..... Sandy Evans
Secretary ..... Dan Moore
Treasurer ..... Alfred Knight

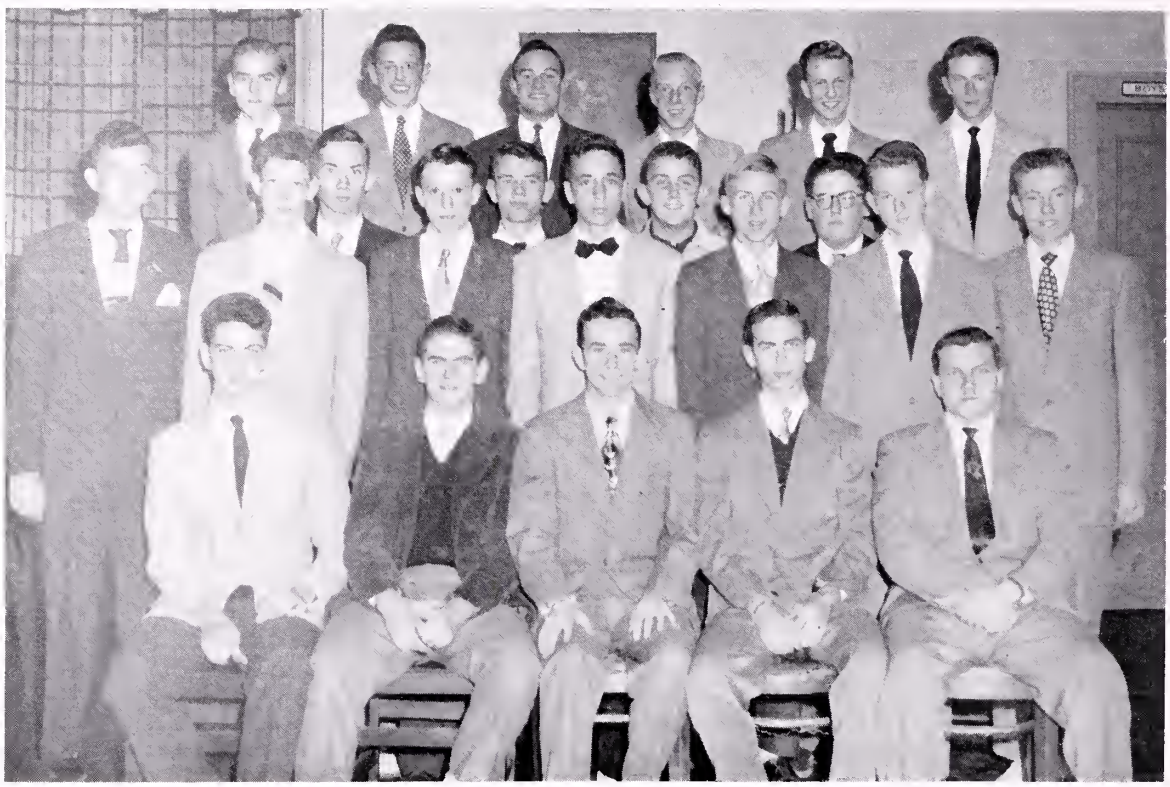
Spring Term

President ..... Sandy Evans
Vice-President ..... Arlick Brockwell
Secretary ..... Randolph Hinkle
Treasurer ..... Alfred Knight
Adviser ..... Mr. "Randy" Mallory

First Row
Alfred Knight
Sidney Sutherland
Sandy Evans
Dan Moore

Second Row
Mr. Mallory
Jack Harvey
John G. Francis
Bobby Corter
Burton Alexander
Jimmy Rust
Landon Smith
Bobby Hutto
John King

Third Row
Jack Bortz
Jack Evans
Read McGehee
Herbert Clarke
Bobby Hatchett
Tucker Ramsey
Fletcher Wright
Terry Collett
Tommy Berry



Crater Hi-Y

Fall Term

President ..... Bill Feazel
Viee-President ..... Billy Shiner
Secretary ..... Kenneth Ellis
Treasurer ..... Billy Chambers
Adviser ..... Dr. Davis

Spring Term

President ..... Dabney Short
Vice-President ..... John McDonald
Secretary ..... Kenneth Ellis
Treasurer ..... David Young

First Row
Kenneth Ellis
Billy Shiner
Bill Feazel
Billy Chambers
"Doc" Davis

Second Row
Howard Sherman
Billy Hobeck
Tommy Magness
John McDonald
Bill Grossman
Montie Swope
Dabney Short

Third Row
Henry McGill
Otis Moreman
Fred Swearingen
Hugh Moore

Fourth Row
Richard Eley
Jumbo Seward
David Young
Ira Lee Andrews
Jackie Rackley
Nelson Ramsey

K. Warner Tri-Hi-Y

Fall Term

President ..... Janice Wine
Viee-President ..... Ruth Tipton
Seeretary ..... Betty Love Keys
Treasurer ..... Donna McElwain
Chaplain ..... Sylvia Osmundson
Adviser ..... Mrs. Eileen Knaus

Spring Term

President ..... Janice Wine
Vice-President ..... Sylvia Osmundson
Secretary ..... Ruth Tipton
Treasurer ..... Donna McElwain
Chaplain ..... Janet Congdon
Sargeant-at-Arms ..... Betty Love Keys

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Ruth Tipton	Delores Puckett	Frances Bailey
Sylvia Osmundson	Charlotte Wall	Jane Cone
Donna McElwain	Barbara Richardson	Frances McGee
Janice Wine	Annette Bailey	Dolores Landon
Betty Love Keys	Connie Traylor	Pat Burton
Mrs. Eileen Knaus	Nancy Mallory	Jean Kitchen
	Phyllis Rafnell	Janet Congdon
	Nancy Wamsley	Nancy Gailey
	Lola Faison	Shelby Harrison

T-Albright Tri-Hi-Y

Fall Term

President ..... Ann Wagner
Vice-President ..... Nancy Harville
Secretary ..... "Bookie" Pugh
Treasurer ..... Joyce Long
Chaplain ..... Pat Vaiden

Spring Term

President ..... Barbara Goodman
Vice-President ..... Nancy Harville
Secretary ..... "Bookie" Pugh
Treasurer ..... Joyce Daniel
Chaplain ..... Peggy Wilburn

First Row
Joyce Long
"Bookie" Pugh
Ann Wagner
Nancy Harville
Pat Vaiden

Second Row
Carol Price
Betty Lou Cole
Faye Davis
Sue Moody
Sharon Clark
Joyce Daniel
Kay Dunnivant

Third Row
Margaret Hunter
Leilani Johnson
"Wendy" Wilkerson
Mary Talmage

Fourth Row
Barbara Winfield
Ann Ozmar
Shirley Brooks
Betty Harvey
Peggy Lou Wilburn
Betty Lou Ramsey
Gayle Peoples
Barbara Goodman

Pence Tri-Hi-Y

Fall Term

President ..... Betty Hinton
Vice-President ..... Mary Woodrum Jones
Secretary ..... Nell Roper
Treasurer ..... Janet Butler
Chaplain ..... Skippy Richards

Spring Term

President ..... Betty Hinton
Vice-President ..... Janet Butler
Secretary ..... Betty Stanton
Treasurer ..... Susan Elliot
Chaplain ..... Virginia Meade Mann

First Row

Skippy Richards
Janet Butler
Betty Hinton
Mary Woodrum Jones
Nell Roper

Second Row

Kay Scoggin
Gayle Swanson
Pat Harris
Marlene Braver
Yvonne Voshall
Betty Stanton
Joan Wright

Third Row

Virginia Meade Mann
Nancy Blankenship
Anne Robertson
Phyllis Tatum
Betty Bowser
Betsy Hargrave

Fourth Row

Nancy Gill
Barbara Stanton
Betty Rafnell
"Scottie" Steele
Irving Lewis
Dottie Gill
Susan Elliott

Key Club

Fall Term

President ..... Jerry Moyer
Vice-President ..... Bobby Duncan
Secretary ..... Donald Lockett
Treasurer ..... Arlick Brockwell
Adviser ..... Mr. Jack Temple

Spring Term

President ..... Donald Lockett
Vice-President ..... Bobby Duncan
Secretary ..... Bill Feazel
Treasurer ..... Kenneth Ellis

First Row

Bobby Duncan
Arlick Brockwell
Jerry Moyer
Donald Lockett
Mr. Jack Temple

Second Row

Fletcher Wright
Read McGehee
Bobby Oslin
Jack Bortz
David Young
Ira Lee Andrews
Bobby Laney

Third Row

Sandy Evans
Kenneth Ellis
Sidney Sutherland
Jack Evans
Russell Early
"Skitchy" Rudy
Nick Ruffin

Fourth Row

Landon Smith
Howard Redford
John G. Francis
Bill Feazel
Tommy Marek
Jimmy Rust
Norman Wong
"Ham" Evans
Jack Harvey

Library Staff

President ..... Bill Scott
Secretary ..... David McCants
Reporter ..... Frances Bailey
Faculty Adviser ..... Mrs. Gladys Spencer

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Betty Jean Britt	Frances Bailey	Shirley Moore
Vivian Williams	Jacqueline Kirkland	Skippy Richards
Jane Cone	Doris Stark	Phyllis Whitmore
Pat Vaiden	Page Tipton	Carolyn Moon
Frances Stone	David McCants	Charlotte Slate
Jeanette McMullan	Bill Scott	Christine Scott
Shirley Stevens	Minnie Harrup	Caroline Little
Joyce Daniel	Parker Cunningham	Nancy Procise
	Mrs. Spencer	

Projection Crew

Adviser ..... Mr. H. S. Holmes

First Row
Gerald Nobles
Sandy Evans
Lawrence Lee
Billy Hobeck

Second Row
Marshall Hughes
Jimmy Rust
LaVerne Hartle

Third Row
Billy Shiner
Mr. H. S. Holmes
David Bass

Those Not in Picture
Tommy Berry
Gilbert Martin
Woodrow Traylor
LaVan Price

Varsity Cheerleaders

Head Cheer Leader ..... Betty Hinton
Assistant Head Cheer Leader ..... Charlotte Pugh
Adviser ..... Miss Mary Bailey

First Row
Betty Hinton
Charlotte Pugh

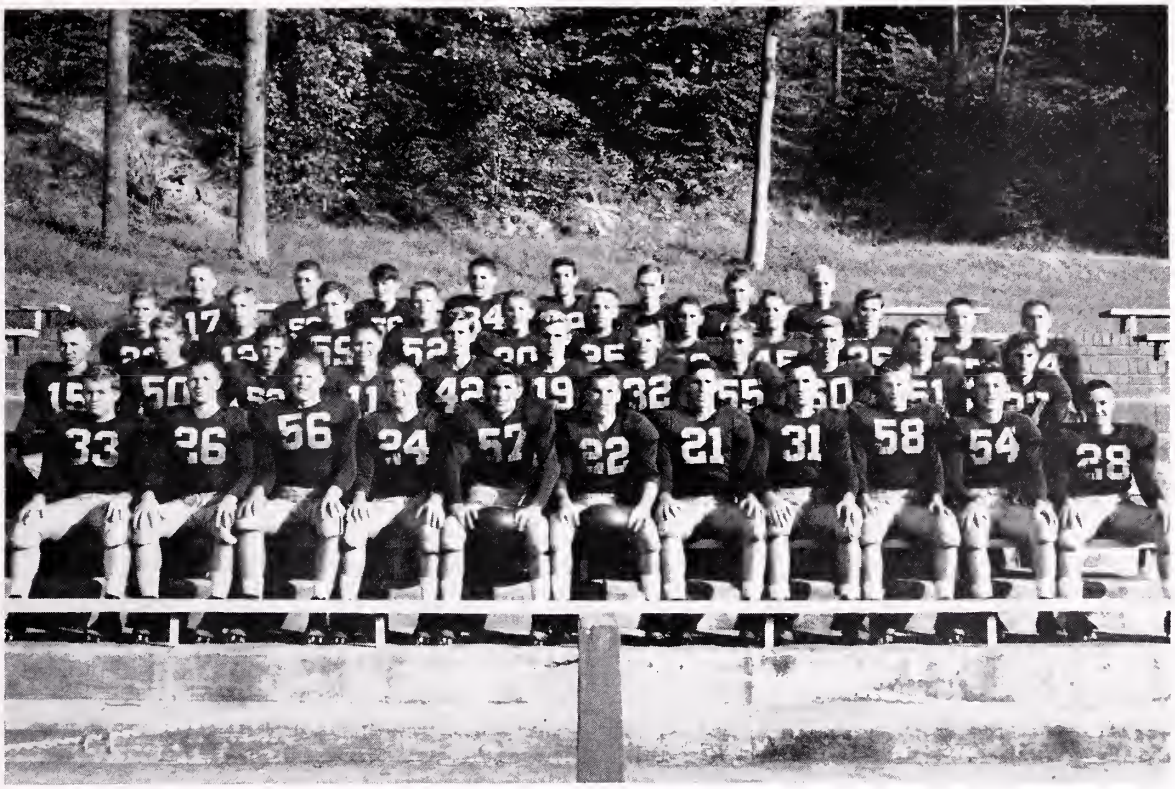
Second Row
Barbara Richardson
Janet Butler
Mary Woodrum Jones
Lynne Schellberg
Harriet Wyche
Nell Roper
Pret Roper

Third Row
Bobby Howerton
Bill Scott
Tucker Ramsey
Fletcher Wright
Burton Alexander

J. V. Cheerleaders

Head Cheer Leader ..... Nancy Fowler
Adviser ..... Miss Mary Bailey

Left to Right
Dottie Gill
Jill Hess
Betty Bowser
Nancy Fowler
Susan Elliot
Betsy Hargrave
Miss Mary Bailey



Football Squad

Co-Captains ..... Woody Traylor, K. B. Maddrey
Manager ..... Terry Collett
Coaches ..... Mr. Roland C. Day, Mr. Randolph Mallory
Mr. Frank Teass, Mr. Casper Kidd

First Row
Winston Leath
Ed Burton
"Sandy" Evans
"Skitchy" Rudy
Woody Traylor
K. B. Maddrey
Skee Bowman
Jerry Moyer
"Fox" Ramsey
Read McGehee
David Young

Second Row
"Claybo" Ramsey
Nick Ruffin
Robert Powell
Kenny Dickinson
Irving Sanford
Joe Watson
Bobby Duncan
Lloyd Pugh
Billy Engels
George Wilkinson
Roland Bowles

Third Row
Charles Wray
Barry Spero
Remmie Rowlett
Jack Evans
Fred Swearingen
Stanley Kamm
Arlick Brockwell
Donald Frenier
John Francis
Fred Gill

Fourth Row
Tommy Burnett
Sherman Lubman
Maynard Sanford
Jim Adler
Herb Clarke
Henry McGill
Tom Berry
Randolph Hinkle

Basketball Squad

Co-Captains ..... Jimmy Smith, Clarence Dodson
Coach ..... Mr. Robert Kilbourne

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Skitchy Rudy	Sandy Evans	John Stuckey
Herbert Clarke	Bobby Hatehett	Landon Smith
Curt Adkins	Tucker Ramsey	John G. Francis
Clarence Dodson	Bobby Duncan	George Dempsey
Jimmy Smith	Fox Ramsey	Terry Collett

Baseball Team

Co-Captains ..... K. B. Maddrey, Clarence Dodson
Coach ..... Mr. Randolph Mallory

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Bernard Saxon	"Buek" Massey	Mastin Kitchen
Nieky Beleher	Prince Fuller	Clarence Dodson
Jimmy Ogburn	"Buck" Rogers	Douglas Vaughan
Wally Underhill	Jimmy Smith	Bobby Hatchett
Henry Cates	K. B. Maddrey	Bobby Duncan
Douglas Vaughan	Eugene Thompson	Fred Swearingen
		Coach Randy Mallory

Hockey Squad

Co-Captains ..... Anita Webb, Kit Johnson
Managers ..... Barbara Stanton, Betty Addison
Coach ..... Miss Ann VanLandingham

First Row

June Walker
Virginia Slade
Catherine Blair
Joan Wright
Lola Faison
Scottie Steele

Second Row

Miss VanLandingham
Juanita Puryear
Katie Paxton
Nancy Gill
Betty Harvey
Gayle Swanson
Elizabeth Bowen

Girls' Basketball Team

Co-Captains ..... Anita Webb, Juanita Puryear
Coach ..... Miss Ann VanLandingham

First Row	*Second Row*	*Third Row*
Delores Puekett	Shirley Tyner	Barbara Baldwin
Catherine Paxton	Sylvia Gardner	Dawna Dow
Anita Webb	Betty Addison	Barbara Jones
Juanita Puryear	Shelby Harrison	Betty Beryl Harvey
Elizabeth Bowen	Judy Powell	Nancy Gill
Betty Bowser	June Walker	Kay Sheffield
	Miss VanLandingham	

Praise Allah!

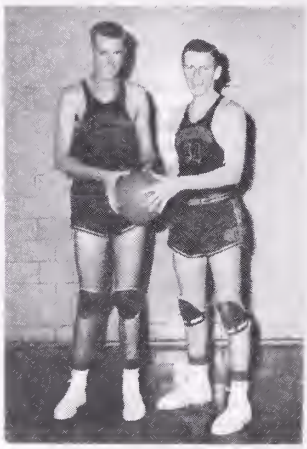
Genius?

Football Co-Captains

"Shot"

Some Joke, huh, K B.?

Mammy Yokum



Basketball Co-Captains

Rag Mop

But I paid you 30 cents!

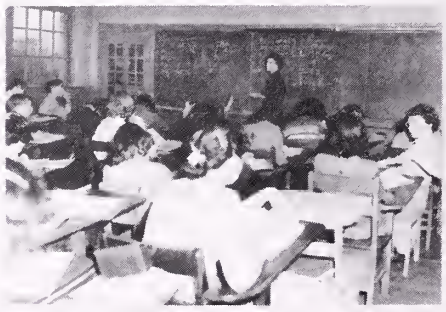
Band Room

Stairway to the Stars?

Baseball Co-Captains

Will you Marry Me?

Three Blind Mice



Miss Blackmore's Arithmetic Class

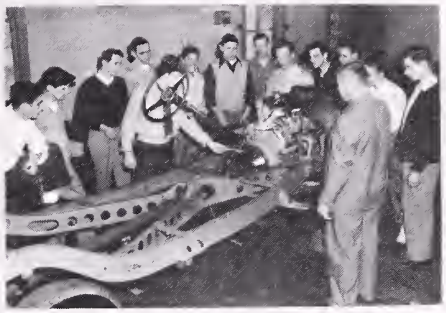
Commercial Club Heads

Mechanical Drawing

"Now class, this is a Basketball"

Broadway Bound

Spring Graphic Arts Class



Auto Mechanics

General Metals

Tomorrow's Secretaries

Practice Board

F H A Teats

Physics Class

Woodwork Shop

Y. E. Meeting

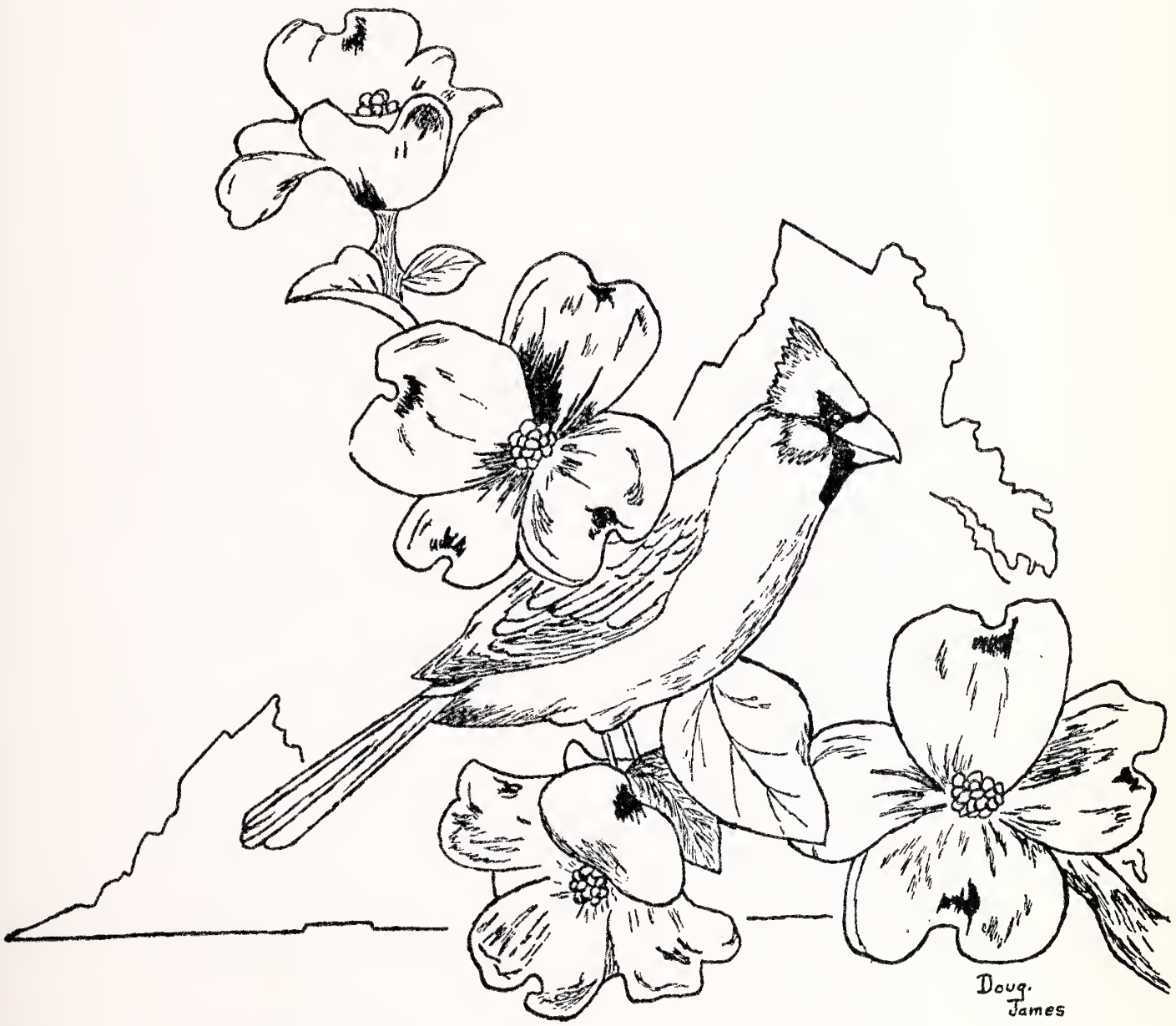
Ring Around the Rosy

Fall Graphic Arts Department

Home Economics Class

Autographs

"Virginia The Beautiful"



PROLOGUE...

By HARRIET WYCHE

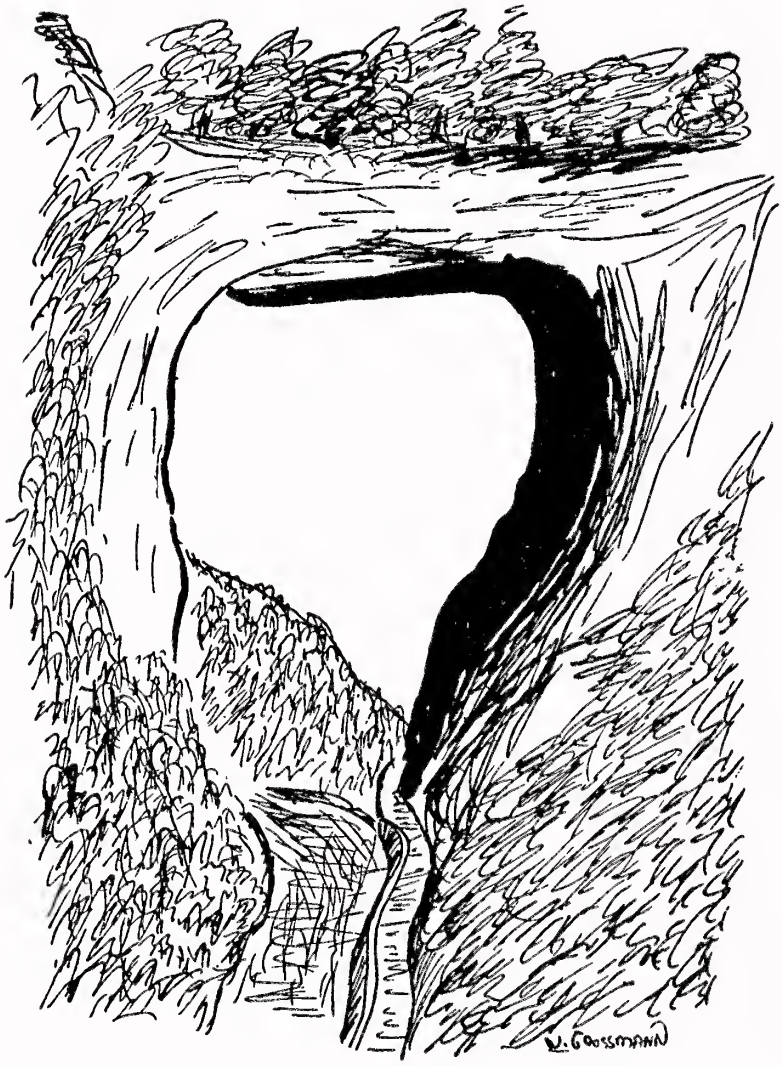
OF VIRGINIA, Captain John Smith said, "Heaven and earth never agreed better to frame a place for man's habitation."

Here in Virginia, our own great nation was born on May 13, 1607. Here is a land of history and tradition, of unsurpassed beauty, of famous old homes, and of fertile fields.

Some of the students in our school who have visited throughout "The Old Dominion," have written on the sights of beauty which they saw.

We shall travel from the golden sands and blue ocean to valleys, to the "Mountain Empire," through mountain passes, and on a "highway in the sky." We shall visit the historic scenes where the first colonial settlers struggled for survival. Four beautiful homes of great Virginians beckon to us to admire their beautiful architecture and spacious grounds. Snowy-white fields of cotton and green fields of tobacco and corn line the country roads. We shall behold the magnificent beauty and the unequaled wonders of Mother Nature. Masterpieces of stone produce awe-inspiring and spectacular sights.

Now let us begin our trip through the picturesque mountains and scenic lowlands, through our dear state, "Virginia the Beautiful."


W. GOOSSMANN

Nature's Wonderland

THE MOST spectacular natural wonders of the world are found in "The Old Dominion."

A rock bridge hewn by a little stream, beautiful underground "rooms" and tall chimneys can be seen. A lake on a mountain and beautiful Fairystone Park are fascinating and unequaled creations of Nature.

These lovely spots grace Virginia with unsurpassed beauty.

I

Natural Bridge

by MARY SKIPWITH RICHARDS

INDIAN legend tells us that long before the English reached the shores of Virginia, Indian tribes roamed the plains, the valleys, and the hills. Once the Shawnees, noted for their cruelty, joined forces with the Powhatans, another warlike tribe, and fell upon the Monocans, a more friendly nation. The Monocans, who had suffered a famine that year, were weakened, and many of their braves fell in battle. After a long struggle, they retreated, but were pursued relentlessly. In a strange forest they came upon a high, rocky chasm. The stream running far below at the bottom of the chasm was like a tiny silver ribbon. No one could jump the hundred-foot chasm. No one could descend one sheer-cliff, and ascend the other. The Monocans fell upon the ground and cried to the Great Spirit to spare them from the approaching enemy.

One of the braves went to the edge of the abyss and found that the Great Spirit had built a great natural bridge across the chasm. Heartened by "The Bridge of God," the Monocans passed over, and turned to defend it successfully against the enemy.

As delightfully as the story is told in the Indian legend, let us look to the true facts about the formation of this magnificent arch for the real miracle. Think of a tiny stream, beating relentlessly for century after century, assisted somewhat by wind, rain, and sand, which finally produced this massive span. Natural Bridge, in Rockbridge County, Virginia, is one of the seven natural wonders of the world. It is the only real natural bridge in the world, as it is the only one that works for a living. Over it a busy highway runs.

As a young man, George Washington surveyed the bridge. Visitors are always eager to find his interesting surveyor's marks. Thomas Jefferson once owned "the rock" as a grant from the King. He kept a cabin there for visitors, and sent many interesting shrubs from France to adorn the nearby countryside.

I visited the bridge one August evening. With a large group of other visitors, I walked down a steep, winding pathway to the valley. There, looking up, one really comes upon the splendor and grandeur of the spectacle. Towering 215 feet above the stream below, the bridge has a span of ninety feet, and is from fifty to one hundred and fifty feet wide.

In summer evenings "the rock" is illuminated by floodlights which bathe it alternately in soft and brilliant lights, while, from a concealed amplifier on the slope, the valley sings with beautiful organ music and the story of Creation. The visitor is filled with awe as he hears the words of the Scriptures and listens to the beautiful strains of such music as Grieg's "Morning" and Wagner's "Evening Star."

Natural Bridge is truly a monument to the artistry, skill, and patience of Mother Nature.

II

Mountain Lake

by JANET BUTLER

MOUNTAIN LAKE, about 1,500 feet above sea level, is located in Giles County, Virginia. The lovely lake, situated half-way up a mountain, is a favorite summer resort of many Virginians as well as residents of neighboring states.

My first impression of Mountain Lake was that of a foreign country, maybe Switzerland or Sweden. The big hotel with the lofty peak of "Bald Knob" rising in the misty background first caught my eye. During my vacation, one day was spent hiking to the top of this mountain where five states are visible. Then my gaze wandered over the beautiful grounds spread out below me. Rustic log cabins in a wooded area line the shores of the two-mile, fresh water mountain lake for which the resort is named.

Though I enjoyed my trip up the mountain, the next day I found out that mountain climbing and I just don't get along together. I was so sore that I decided it would be better for me to spend the day lounging in the hotel. I glanced through several scrapbooks depicting the history of the Lake. As early as 1860, there was a recreation center on this site. Since the farmers in the surrounding area used to salt their cattle in the lake, it was known as the "salt pond."

After I recovered from my soreness, I had very little unoccupied time. Swimming in the icy water, horseback riding and hiking over beautiful woodland trails filled every hour. As if my day activities weren't enough, I spent many gay nights in the hotel. After an elaborate dinner, the spacious recreation room is opened. There I learned to play shuffleboard and ping pong.

Before I could realize it, my vacation was over. As I was leaving Mountain Lake, I paused to take one final glance at the mountains and water. The lake, surrounded by many tall and graceful trees, reflected the gold and rosy glow of the setting sun. To me, this scene showed nature at its height of beauty!

III

Virginia's Natural Chimneys

by FRANCES BAILEY

RISING like seven ancient castle spires toward primitive skies, the "Natural Chimneys" of Virginia stand as monuments to the awfulness and wonder of the God of Nature.

To the archaeologist the "chimneys" are weathered limestone towers formed by the lapping waves of an ocean billions of years ago, and the erosion of a small stream. To the seeker of beauty, however, they could be medieval castles covered with Virginia creepers as ivy and with scrubby cedars for silken flags fluttering on the crests.

In 1834 George Cook published possibly the first description of the "Chimneys" in a southern magazine in which he gave them names. In a playful mood, he named one of them "Hymeneal Altar" because the shady grove in its rear seemed a perfect place to "mantle maiden blushes." The tallest he called the "Tower of Babel", but probably "Leaning Tower of Pisa" is more appropriate because it slants exactly thirteen and a half feet off the perpendicular. This figure is identically the same as the inclination of the Pisan tower, which sways on its base. The Virginia tower, however, maintains its position.

The towers possess an interesting history. Many written accounts of their unusual beauty have been published and many great men have passed beneath their majestic heights.

Because of the more impressive rock formations found elsewhere in the United States, Virginia's "Natural Chimneys" are not so well known as they should be. However, since the latter part of the nineteenth century they have continually grown in popularity until today the many roads that lead to them are well used and crowded with tourists as well as persons who merely enjoy the beauty of nature unharmed by man's prying fingers.

Every year in August, the "Chimneys" offer an incomparable setting for one of the nation's oldest jousting tournaments. This colorful event has been an annual affair for over one hundred years, and the resemblance of the "Chimneys" to medieval castles adds the perfect atmosphere.

Suggesting the ruined battlements of some prehistoric war, these towers rise out of the fertile plain of the North River in the Shenandoah Valley, a living monument to the Lord of Nature.

IV

The Luray Caverns

by MARTHA LEE WILLIAMS

THE beautiful Luray Caverns of Virginia are located a few miles off the Skyline Drive. When I arrived at the Caverns a guide was appointed to show us around. I could hardly restrain my anxiety to start the tour through the caverns.

We entered a spacious hall where souvenirs and pamphlets were sold and from there entered a small hallway leading toward the caverns. Then I realized, at last, we were to begin our long-awaited excursion through the "underground rooms."

One place that interested me very much was the Giant's Hall. Glittering stalactites formed beautiful columns of rich browns, yellows, and reds. Standing next to the awe-inspiring formations, I felt very tiny.

Winding through the wide corridors, our party soon came to the most beautiful formation I saw. This was Titania's Veil, a very large and lovely masterpiece of snow-white stone in the outline of a woman's veil. The gorgeous white color surrounded by shades of rich salmon was a perfect example of nature's handiwork.

Another impressive and lovely "room" was the Ball Room. The room was very large and the ceiling was covered with different sized stalactites shaped almost like icicles. It was certainly as beautiful as any ball room I had ever seen.

Other places of interest that I saw were the Fountain of Youth, hollow columns which gave out bell-like notes, the Swiss Cottage Way, and the Double Column.

At the end of the tour our guide stopped to relate some of the history of Luray Caverns. As we left the underground fairyland of stalactites and stalagmites, I realized I had fulfilled my life-long desire to visit the beautiful and famous Luray Caverns. It was difficult to believe that all the formations had been made by nature alone.

As we walked out of the building we could hear the sweet ringing of many bells. This was the Singing Tower of Luray located only a few hundred feet away. It was a carillon consisting of forty-seven imported bells. As I listened to the music my gaze wandered over the beautiful peaks of the Blue Ridge mountains in the distance. The beautiful sound of the bells provided a perfect ending to my tour of the Luray Caverns.

V

Fairystone Park

by JANET BUTLER

LOCATED about fifty-five miles northwest of Danville, Virginia is the very beautiful Fairystone State Park. Since I lived for quite a while in Danville, my friends and I made frequent trips to Fairystone Park.

Perhaps you may be puzzled over the strange name of the park. There is an interesting legend connected with its name, which like the legend of the dogwood, is associated with the crucifixion of Christ.

It is told that at the time when Christ was crucified, the fairies who lived in this mountainous region were so grieved that they cried for many days. When their tears hit the ground, they turned into tiny stones, shaped like crosses. At the park the tiny stones are now sold in the form of jewelry and are supposed to bring good luck to the owner.

At Fairystone Park there is a beautiful fresh water lake. I have often taken advantage of its excellent facilities for swimming, boating and fishing. Like most state parks, it furnishes picturesque picnic grounds that are patronized by families, church groups and clubs.

I have spent many enjoyable days in the quaint little cottages which are set back in the shady woods a short distance from the peaceful lake. I believe that the true beauty of nature can be enjoyed only when one lives in close contact with it.

My delightful vacations spent at the beautiful and scenic Fairystone State Park were certainly experiences I shall never forget.

Spring Songs

by CLARISSA MAYFIELD

I

Awakening

The sleeping forest stirs and wakes,
Shakes old leaves from her hair.
(She'd left them there when she slept last fall,
Much too tired to care,
For summer's dancing had lasted long—
Till winter was almost there.)

The last of sleep is washed away
By a light rain, fresh and clean.
She scatters flowers in her hair
And chooses a dress of green.
Then in the clear and sparkling brook
She admires the lovely scene.

She smiles and lets the sun burst in
To brighten everything,
Sits down upon the hill to wait
And bids the birds to sing.
Then, at last, along the road,
Comes striding her lover, Spring.

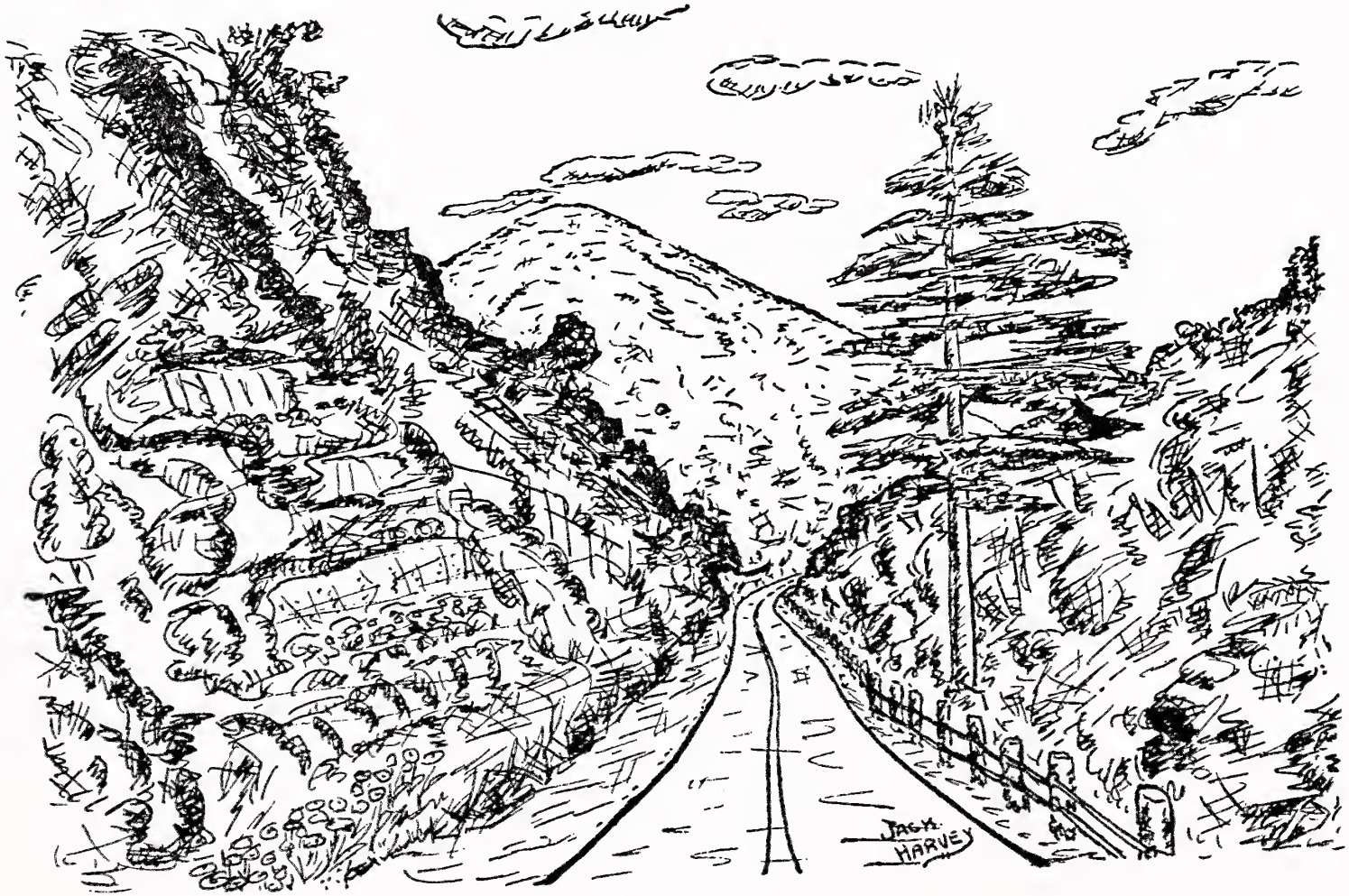
II

Remembered Spring

When yellow flowers bloom each year
And the air is suddenly softly singing,
I remember a spring in a far-off land
Where through wide-flung windows there was winging
A lightly-fingered melody,
And cathedral bells were gently ringing.

I wonder if I could return there now,
Cross the seas in an instant's flight,
And climb my hill to look down on the river
That fades into blue as it drifts from sight,
Would I find the moon still caught in the waters,
And trembling blossoms pale in the night?

Would the streets still echo with people out walking,
Glad to be free from the winter's cold,
And young girls in white dresses coming from churches,
Passing the corner where lilacs are sold?
Must each spring bring this same sad longing?
Oh, I shall go back someday when I'm old!


JACK
HARVEY

Beauty's Daughters

A ROYAL ROAD threads from the playgrounds and seashore of Virginia Beach, through the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, to the lofty peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains.

Virginia Beach with its roaring blue ocean and golden expanses of sand and dunes, and nearby Cape Henry present beauty, history and an excellent vacation resort.

What could be more beautiful than a trip through the Shenandoah Valley, a fairyland of color and natural beauty? Perhaps you may enjoy winding through the majestic Blue Ridge Mountains or through Goshen Pass, decked with rhododendron, dogwood, and laurel.

From the seashore, to the valley, to the mountains, the beauty of Virginia is at its glorious height.

I

Beautiful Daughter of the Stars

by BARBARA GOODMAN

OF ALL THE TRIPS my family and I have taken—and they are quite a few—I found no place that intrigued me so much as my tour through the historic and beautiful Shenandoah Valley.

Since my home is in the Tidewater section of Virginia, the beauty and loftiness of the mountains first attracted me. When we first entered the valley, the sun was just rising above the peaks, and as I looked across the mountains, there seemed to be endless ranges fading into the misty distance.

As I followed the winding highways, I noticed the fertile wheat fields had ripened to a golden brown. This was in contrast with the blue-green pastures where hundreds of sheep and cattle were grazing. The Indians once called this fertile region "Beautiful Daughter Of The Stars".

The beauty and traditions of Virginia's famous Shenandoah Valley have inspired many song-writers and poets to center their themes around this scenic, natural playground.

The parks and natural wonders never cease to attract tourists to the "Old Dominion". I was entranced by many of nature's underground wonderlands such as Luray and Grand Caverns. The odd formations of these are just incredible.

The unique formation of Natural Bridge held me spellbound. The rich shades of gold and red clay were revealed as the rays of the sun shone on the bridge. Since it is unequaled in beauty and nature, Natural Bridge has been selected as one of the seven natural wonders of the world.

Traveling along the Blue Ridge Parkway, we soon entered the famous Shenandoah National Park. As I rode along the highway, magnificently shaped trees seemed to form mysterious barriers on either side of me. The sunlight penetrating the forest growth set each leaf aglow with golden lights. In the spring, in addition to the enchanted forest growth, there is a profusion of mountain laurel, dogwood, azalea, rhododendron, and other flowering shrubs and plants. This color display of unsurpassed beauty painted in my mind a picture never to be effaced.

In my opinion, the valley is at its height of beauty in the springtime when every hill is dotted with a maze of pink and white fruit blossoms. The air is filled with the fragrance of the apple blossoms, and the trees wave their lacy branches toward the blue sky.

We soon entered Winchester, the leading city of the apple industry. This historic city attracts many people to its annual Apple Blossom Festival.

Roanoke, the "star city of the south," is located near the southern end of the valley. Its huge, man-made star on top of Mill Mountain can be seen from many miles up the valley.

As we left Roanoke, I looked back once more to see the "star of the valley", which seemed to enlighten and recall to my mind all of the beauties and wonders and pleasant times I experienced during my trip through the Shenandoah Valley.

II

The Fabulous Blue Ridge Mountains

by JOHN WILLIS

EVERY YEAR, thousands of travellers come to visit the Old Dominion to see the first permanent English settlement in America, the early Colonial capital, or to revel in the grandeur of the magnificent mansion at Monticello. Of course, everyone likes to drive along the Skyline Drive, and to attempt to capture permanently the grace and beauty of the majestic Blue Ridge mountains. The best place to start is at the beginning, and so, if possible, you should do as I did and start at Front Royal, Virginia. On the first section of the parkway, we were either going through, or looking down on, the Shenandoah National Park, one of the prettiest parks in this section of the country.

The first big town we came to was Waynesboro. There we stopped to refuel the car and refresh ourselves. It was ten in the morning, and although it was July, sweaters were the fashion. Up in this part of the country, it does not begin to get warm until mid-day, but in the afternoon, it is warm enough to go swimming. That is, for the rugged individual who can survive the icy mountain lakes. But by late afternoon, it begins to turn chilly again, and the cold sets in for the night.

After Waynesboro, the next important place on the trip is a state fish hatchery near Monticello. There little mountain lakes afford very good fishing, for they seem to be well stocked. The fishermen have to wade out on treacherous rocks in the freezing waters, and have to fight not only the fish, but the swirling water and slippery rocks. Although the rugged mountaineer fisherman made it look fun and simple, I still prefer the boat rides on the James river and tightline fishing.

From the parkway, you can get an excellent view of the city of Roanoke. This was where we left the convenience of the parkway and struck out for home. On the way back, however, we hit one of the

most interesting spots of the whole tour. It impressed me so that I took mental notes and did some reference work when I got back to the camp.

The spot I am telling about is a section of the mountain range between Bedford and Lynchburg. Sometimes called the Grandstand of the Blue Ridge, they are officially known as the Peaks of Otter. This is real Indian country. Arrowheads have been found there which are authentically recognized as the oldest on this continent. More virgin timber is there than anywhere else in the Old Dominion.

From there you can look to the southwestern part of the state and see an enormous mountain towering far above anything else in sight. According to the map, this is Mount Rogers, and it is 5,719 feet tall. Looking to the north, we saw Apple Orchard Mountain, and since the mountain climbing had excited my appetite, I would like to have been over there, if the name is any indication of the mountain.

The Peaks of Otter are composed of two ascents: Flat Top, which is about four thousand feet above sea level, and Sharp Top, which is slightly less than one hundred and fifty feet lower. The peaks are very graceful and inviting, and are covered with trees unlike some of the mountain ranges of the west. There is a passageway between the two peaks on which Indians, chiefly Cherokees, once lived, and since the place looks romantic and offers adventure, the collector of Indian culture and arrowheads probably would have a field day there.

I feared however, since I had read and heard so many of the natives' legends, that if I found an Indian arrow, there would be an Indian on the other end, so I spent the time wearing a blister on my heels trying to see everything about this enchanting place. There seems to be a romance about the mountains.

An egg-shaped boulder, twenty-five or thirty feet high used to be delicately balanced on the crest of Sharp Top. With one hand, a man could rock it back and forth, but no matter how hard he labored, he could not push it from its base. This phenomenon seemed to challenge youth to a contest. About 1820, a crowd of young men determined to send the boulder crashing down the mountain. On July 4, they gathered on the peak and set to work.

They tried first a lever, but the boulder barely budged, so great was its weight. They tried dynamite, but it was equally a failure. Finally they applied wedges, and after much persuasion, the great oval dipped eastward, and plunged down the mountain. With a great thud, it embedded itself in a spur of the peak.

In 1852, the people of Bedford County determined to make a suitable contribution to the Washington Monument, then under construction in the nation's capital. They blasted a fragment of the boulder and sent it to be dressed in Lynchburg. Today, it can be seen on the west wall of the Washington Monument, greeting tourists at the twelfth landing on the stairway.

On it is this inscription:

"From Otter's Summit,
Virginia's loftiest peak,
To crown a monument
To Virginia's noblest son."*

I understand that there is some legend connected with the name of the mountain. More than likely it is named for the Cherokee word, Ottari, meaning mountain, or it could be connected with the Otter River, and named for the funny

*Legend about the memorial stone borrowed from the Autumn, 1951, issue of Virginia Cavalcade; an article entitled, "The Peaks of Otter: Grandstand of the Blue Ridge" by W. M. E. R."

brown animals which are found in great numbers in the region of the peaks.

If you ever have the opportunity, see the sun rise from one of the mountains. You seem to recollect all of the old paintings you've ever seen about sunrises. And the glorious sunset also is an unforgetable experience. It lasts for an hour and grows more sensational each minute, and before you can fully wake up, darkness is upon you, and you start thinking of all the things you've seen and heard that day. And the harder you think, the more real they become. And on such a day in those fabulous mountains, you lose track of time and trouble, and at the close of the day, you can seem to hear the wind singing, "The End of a Perfect Day" through the pine trees.

III

Little Switzerland

by MARY SKIPWITH RICHARDS

ONE warm August afternoon, I went with some members of my family to visit friends who had a summer home on Goshen Pass. As it happened, we drove the entire length of the pass and found the entrance to our friend's place only on our return. Although there are many summer camps and homes along the pass, none can be seen from the highway, and the entrances go in at an angle and wind about in such a manner that even they are not noticeable. Except for the excellent highway and the one memorial marker, the pass is as natural as it was when it was the trail of the elk, bear, and red men who went across the mountain hunting food.

We entered the pass twelve miles from Lexington. It is a gap four miles long cut through the mountains by the Maury River, and flanked on both sides by towering walls of green, rising thousands of feet into the sky. In spring and early summer these green walls are brilliantly and lavishly splashed with rhododendron and mountain laurel. Shadows fall across the highway, sometimes in solid sheets of shade, and sometimes in the most delicate lacelike patterns.

One time, as we were driving along admiring every foot of the way, I looked ahead and saw another sheer cliff of green rising right up in front of us. I thought surely that here we must turn back, but just as I noticed that my uncle had no intention of stopping, I saw the bend in the road.

All along the highway one hears, but seldom sees, the Maury River. Sometimes it winds close to the highway, sometimes far away. It gurgles in spots where it passes over small boulders, and roars furiously as it cascades over huge ones. The sound of the river is always present.

At one spot along the pass is a roughly hewn granite shaft. At its base is a huge old anchor, with a mighty length of chain twined around it, and marking off the small enclosure where the shaft stands. Affixed to the shaft is a bronze tablet, with a bas-relief of Maury's head within a circle. This is a simple and suitable memorial, the work of sculptor Guiseppi Moxetti, to Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, "The Pathfinder of the Seas."

Maury so loved the pass that, on his deathbed, he requested that his body be kept in Lexington until the rhododendron bloomed, and that it then be borne through Goshen Pass, and on to its final resting place in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond.

Maury's death occurred on February 1, 1873. Funeral services were held for

him in Lexington, and with the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, where he had taught many years, as an honor guard, his remains were placed in a vault in the Lexington Cemetery to await the journey to Riehmond. When the time came, the hearse, once more accompanied by cadets, professors, and friends, carried the remains of the great Virginian through his beloved and beautiful pass.

Goshen Pass was once known as Dunlap's Gap, and later as Strickler's Pass. Both names were from local families. Prior to the coming of the railroads, it was the stagecoach thoroughfare connecting Lexington with the west. The pass is considered by many the loveliest spot in Virginia.

In the early spring thousands of visitors drive through it, and thousands return for a repetition of the thrill. It has frequently been called "Little Switzerland." Goshen Pass is certainly one of Virginia's most gloriously magnificent scenic wonders.

IV

Playground of the World

by Jill Hesse *and* Oliver Rudy

Crystal, elear, ealm azure waters, golden sands reflecting the brilliance of the sun, porpoises jumping playfully from wave to wave — all thesc could bring thoughts of but one place to my mind, and that is Virginia Beach, one of the nation's playgrounds. Where else is any more beauty than a spot which has a combination of land, water, and sky? Nowhcre, I believe.

Aside from beauty, the Beach offers relaxation. It can make you forget a busy week at school or office. The cool waters are soothing and refreshing, unless you step on a crab. This happens frequently and although funny later, it is not quite so humorous at the time it occurs.

I think the Beach is one of the few places where people seem, with one accord, willing to cast aside all their troubles, relax, and have fun. I also believe no one who ever went to the Beach looking for a good time could come home and truthfully say he didn't enjoy himself.

The view from the tremendously long and famous boardwalk is a spectacle in itself. Standing on the boardwalk, I loved to look down to see the brightly colored umbrellas and bathing suits. Watching the people swim was entertaining as I saw a small boy take his first stroke in the ocean; and almost tragic as I saw a man calling for help and a life-guard giving him the strong arm he needed for support. For the ocean is as deadly as it is beautiful.

A storm brewing in the Northeast means trouble. Lasting for days, this storm turns the ocean into a swirling, engulfing death which can strike at any time; however the sea after a storm seemed to me clearer, calmer, and bluer than before, for the ocean was meant to be beautiful and useful and not destructive.

Just north of Virginia Beach is Cape Henry, a spot of great significance, for here on the twenty-sixth of April in the year 1607 three weather-beaten ships dropped anchor, Virginia was claimed for the King of England, and the cape was named for the Prince of Wales, who was later to give Virginia her rich-name "The Old Dominion." Raising the flag of England on this territory concluded a five months' journey which began in December, 1606.

From this point the "Sarah Constant," the "Goodspeed" and the "Discovery" took the colonists up the James River to the site of Jamestown, which was the first permanent settlement in the New World. Nearly two hundred years passed, and nothing was done to commemorate the history of this place or to guide the increasing number of ships which passed in and out of Chesapeake Bay. Shipwrecks multiplied and colonists began to light a bonfire on stormy nights, but they didn't give the needed aid.

In 1720 Governor Spotswood urged that a lighthouse be built. Succeeding governors made like pleas, but no action was taken.

A ray of hope broke through in 1774 when stone was bought from a Rappahannock quarry to build a tower. This movement, however, was halted by the Revolution.

The lighthouse was finally built in 1791. While there, I was very much impressed by the size of the tower, which is ninety feet in height and is situated on a sand dune, also ninety feet high.

I will always remember those sand dunes, miniature mountains, offset by an ocean-blue background.

Another lighthouse was built in 1881. Then in 1935, a stone cross was erected on the site of the actual landing. I think those two towers have a special meaning to me. They mean the linking of the Old World with the New, and they show the progress of this land since that early period in American History.

Coming back to the Beaeh, I saw a majestic sight. Out on the misty horizon was a mighty aircraft carrier, showing forth all the power and brilliance which make it one of the finest ships in the world. I saw many boats of all kinds, but this one especially caught my eye.

That is how I remember the Beach. All the calmness of the ocean, the blue of the sky, the gold of the sand and all the excitement that goes with it. A playground of the world, a wonderland of beauty, this is Virginia Beach.

Showers

by HARRIET WYCHE

From clouds of gray the lightning streaks;
The thunder claps and rocks the sky.
From the sea to plains, to mountain peaks,
The misty rain falls down from on high.

It bathes the leaves of elm and holly
And softly seeps into the ground;
Plays with the grass and rose in its folly
And scarcely seems to make a sound.

Fulfilling duties and cares on earth,
Each little drop of rain, it seems,
Perhaps to a little seed gives birth
Or fills the flowing mountain streams.

Still falling, falling in silver sheets,
It softly bathes the fern and flowers;
Each plant awakens and joyfully greets
The gently falling April showers.

The City at Twilight

by JUANITA PURYEAR

I hate to see the evening crowd of cars;
The trucks and taxis, autos, busses and bikes
That jam the avenues from curb to curb,
And illuminate the twilight with brazen beams
From headlights which pierce the purple shadows of dusk
And blind the weary home-bound women and men.
It pains my brain to hear the honking horns
And squealing brakes that blast the silent night.
It stings my nostrils and sickens me to breathe
The nauseating smell of burning gas
And the stench of rubber sliding across cement.
It makes me long for untrodden trails and roads,
For quiet hills and open fields that are free
From fear of impending danger or sudden death.
Again I want to feel the clean cool air
Caress my smoke-dried cheeks and smarting eyes;
To inhale the odor of honeysuckle shrubs
Or the fragrant, refreshing aroma of rain-soaked grass.

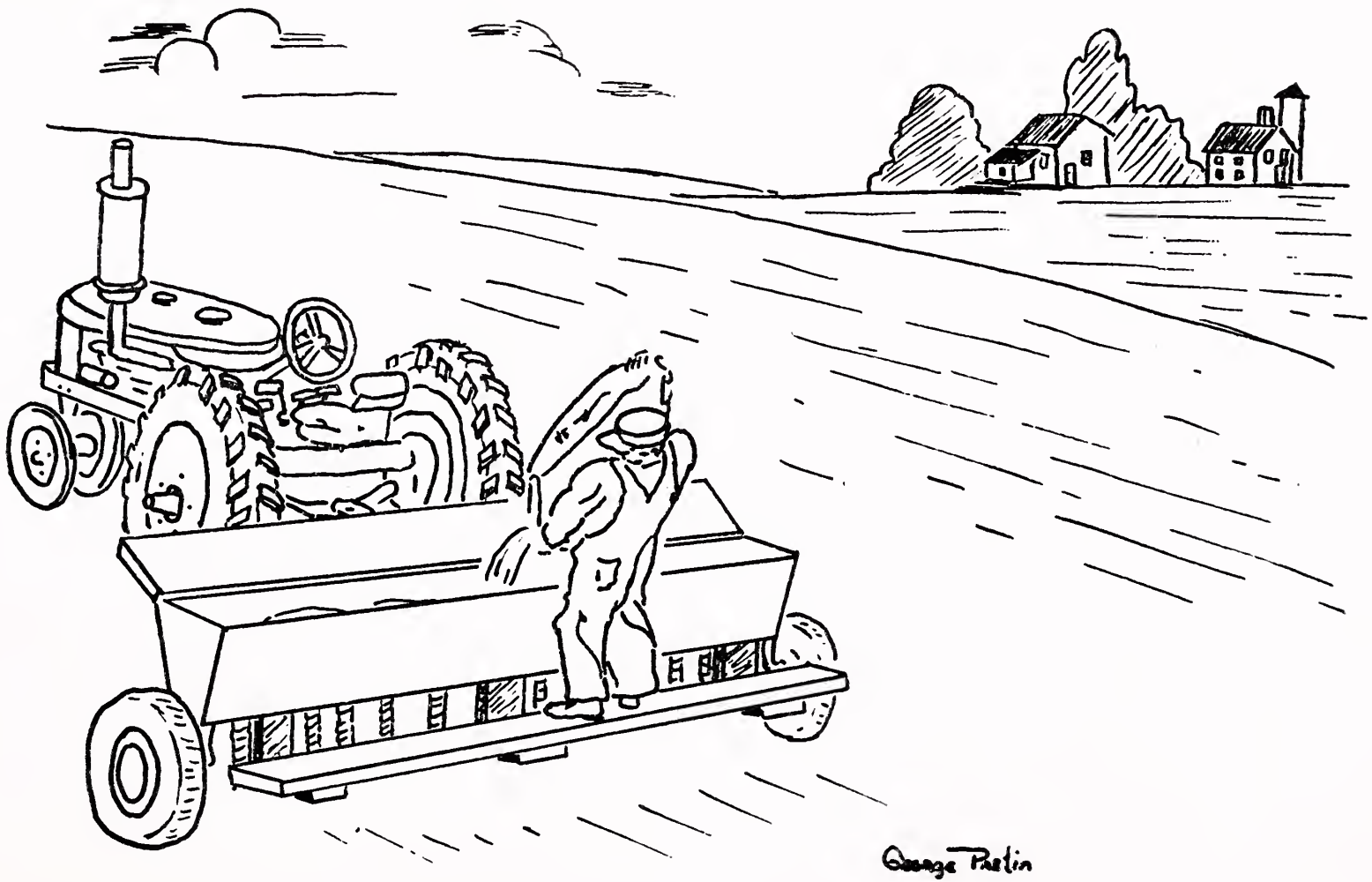
Night Breeze

by CONNIE TRAYLOR

The breeze, a playful kitten, fled
Across the sky of night.
The stars they winked as she passed by
While trees glowed in the light.
The moon smiled down to watch it all
And chuckled at the sight.

Across the lake on furry paws
Rippling its calmness still,
Then up within the forest black
To flee beyond the hill,
And then to run the grassy field;
Bending at her will.

But soon she tires of playful jest,
And with one final leap
She clears the mountain summit high,
And takes the valley deep,
As with a warm, contented purr,
She nestles down to sleep.


George Phelps

The Good Earth

"Carry me back to old Virginia,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow—."

IMAGINE the old plantation "darkies" working in the open fields of snowy-white cotton on the vast green fields of tobacco and corn. Chanting their old spirituals, they worked day in and day out for their master.

Today, though the former plantation life has disappeared, Virginia is proud of its agriculture and the abundance yielded from "The Good Earth."

The Good Earth

by BILL SCOTT

THE BLARING HORN of an expensive automobile announced the arrival of Mom's oldest brother, Henry. He had spent the years since his last visit growing more prosperous on his dairy farm in Wisconsin.

Uncle Hank hadn't seen me since I was seven, so I went through the routine of being mistaken for my oldest brother. This brought the usual laughs.

After all the welcomes and excitement Uncle Hank contrived to talk to me alone.

"Jumper," he said, calling me by a childhood nickname, "tell me about this state of yours."

A bit taken back, I hesitantly started to tell him which cities housed the larger industrial plants.

At this he good-naturedly laughed. "No, no," he chuckled, "I mean the farming."

Well, this would be easier. I began to recite.

"Farming here is as varied as that of any of the forty-eight states. The climate and terrain make Virginia ideally suited for a wide range of products. She ranks high in production of corn, tobacco, peanuts. . . ."

Here Uncle Hank broke in again. "I can find out about production statistics anytime. Tell me about the crops in the field."

"Well," I started anew, "suppose we start with corn. Farmers of every state are familiar with corn, and what could be more indicative of progress, health, and beauty than a waving, rustling field of corn on a sunny day, or the crackling sound of growing corn on a hot night?

"Or peanuts. Picture the long, parallel rows of green with a tractor methodically

cleaning the brown earth between. Picture, too, the evenly spaced brown shocks, like miniature haystacks, where the peanuts stand in preparation for threshing time.

"King Cotton himself nods his bushy white head sleepily over the rich earth of some of our regions. The darkies chanting in the field as they picked the cotton have largely been replaced by the huge and ponderous picking machine.

"Then there's the tobacco, green and sticky in the field, yellow and fine textured in the barn. The aromas from the curing barn make it easy to imagine why the Indians chose this delightful poison as their symbol of peace."

"What about the cattle?" interposed Uncle Hank, his still youthful eyes betraying his wish for a more familiar subject.

Taking the defensive, I answered:

"We don't rank with Wisconsin or some of the other states yet in that department, but dairying and beef raising are our fastest growing branches of agriculture. You are probably familiar with the immaculate, highly-productive Holstein and the smaller Guernsey and Jersey.

"Personally, though, I prefer the beef breeds. The rugged, square frame and lordly bearing of a white-faced Hereford or woolly black Angus hold no hint of the docility of the dairy breeds.

"I like to picture a sloping, white-fenced pasture dotted here and there with these sturdy animals.

"Hogs, too, can be pretty on occasion. It seems strange to me that scores of tall, white-banded Berkshires in a corn field have not inspired poets as have comparable scenes.

"This picture is rendered more appealing if one anticipates a few Smithfield hams, the very mention of which tantalizes appetites the world over.

"In some parts of the state, mostly out where Kentucky's blue grass laps over into Virginia, we grow some mighty fine horses, too."

Here I stopped again and looked inquiringly at Uncle Hank. He seemed not quite satisfied with my answers.

"Haven't you forgotten something, Jumper?" he grinned. "Remember, to a man from Wisconsin this is almost a jungle."

Trees! I hadn't thought of them as agricultural products before, but I saw his point now.

"Yes, Uncle Hank, I guess a stand of tall, straight pines singing in the wind is as inspiring as anything an artist ever looked at; stands of oak, too, with their seasonal change of dress.

"Speaking of trees reminds me of our orchards. Mostly apple orchards, they lie over in the Shenandoah Valley. There's as fine a sight as you could hope to gaze on. Neat rows of symmetrical trees, their green dotted with red when the fruit is ripe. In the spring when the trees bloom, their beauty is even more enhanced by the intoxicating perfume of the blossoms, like—"

Uncle Hank here smiled appreciatively at my inability to express myself.

"What about the farmer himself, Jumper?" he inquired.

"Well, Uncle Hank, I suppose the Virginia farmer is about like any other American farmer. He's strong, physically and spiritually; his nearness to the workings of God gives him deep respect and love for the Creator who so directly influences his life. He will live long, for he leads the best life on earth. Beyond that, you can only say that he is another human being."

"You two come and get washed up for supper," interrupted Mom. "It won't stay hot all night."

The Spring

by PHYLLIS HIRSHHORN

Every year in the month of May,
We all may see what happened that day
When God created the sea, the sky,
The trees, the earth, where men live and die,
For Spring must be His Season of Love
Which He gave to show from His throne above.

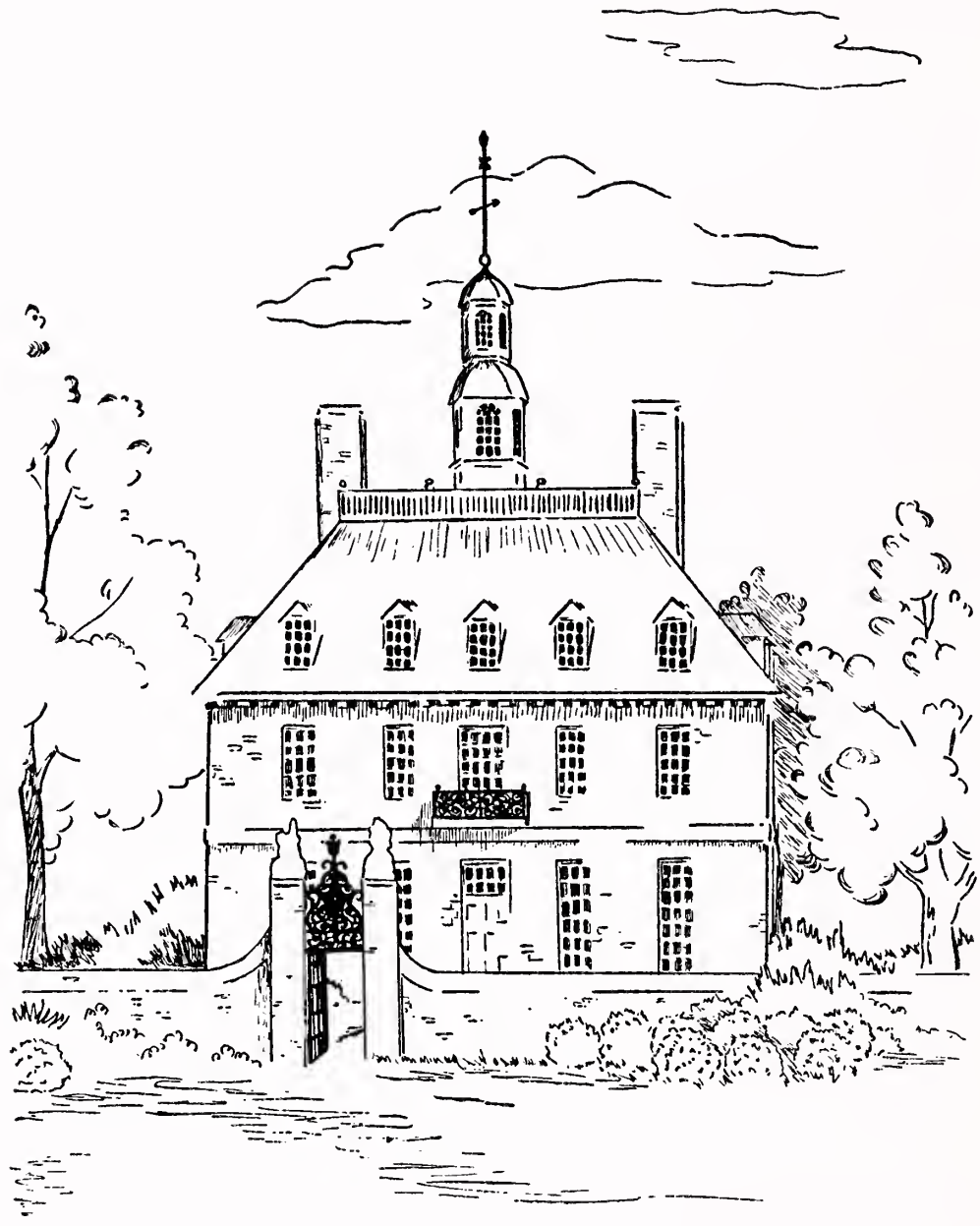
The rippling brook awakes from its sleep;
It begins once more to run and leap;
The clouds shed their gray and dress in their white,
As the sun again shines with a radiance bright,
Thus God shows me in this beautiful scene
What the Day of Creation must have been.

For Creation to me seems just like this,
As if God had blessed every spot with His kiss;
Each flower, each bush, each budding tree
Brings this one thought always to me:
As God created the Heaven and Earth,
Spring is the tale of this wonderful birth.

Night Mist

by JACK HARVEY

When the last red ribbons of sunlight fade
And the blanket of night o'er land is laid,
The shadowy mist in her silvery veil
Descends on the hollow, hill, and dale.
It touches each leaf with its sparkling dew,
And soothes and cools their burning ache;
It hangs in stillness o'er twinkling stream,
And paints the night as a silver dream.
It touches each leaf with its sparkling dew,
While the moon on the mist adds a tender hue;
The mist on the land forms a gentle, soft haze,
And encloses the night in a Heaven-like maze.



X. Johnson

The Cradle of America

ON MAY 13, 1607, three ships landed at Jamestown, Virginia. This was the first permanent English settlement in America. Here the history and heroism of Captain John Smith, Pocahontas, and the hardy colonial settlers have woven themselves into unforgetable legends and stories.

Jamestown remained the capital of Virginia until the State House burned. The capital was then moved to Williamsburg which continued as a center of government and colonial culture for eighty years.

Today Williamsburg has been restored to its former grandeur. Now let us visit Jamestown and Williamsburg, truly "The Cradle of America."

I

Old "James Towne"

by BARBARA WINFIELD

RIDING across the two miles from Scotland Wharf to Jamestown Island, I watched as our ferry disturbed the natural loveliness of the sunbeams dancing on the water. As my eyes followed the graceful course of the river into the distance, the color of the water blended beautifully into the magnificent azure blue of the sky.

Before me the Island loomed closer and closer, and the sun seemed to pour unlimited radiance on old "James Towne", the cradle of our English civilization. Approaching the dock, I recalled stories about the landing of the Sarah Constant, the Goodspeed, and the Discovery, the old sailing vessels on which the first settlers came to the New World.

I began my tour of the island at the lofty white Jamestown National Monument on which is carved the wise counsel given the colonists for prospering and achieving success for their country. They were told "to serve and fear God, the Giver of all Goodness."

I entered the handsome ivy-covered iron gates which led to the memorial grounds and first passed the delicately molded statute of Princess Pocahontas. Nearby is the striking bronze figure of Captain John Smith, the fearless leader of early Virginia. Around these famous personalities many stories have been woven into history and legend.

Following a much-trodden pathway to the right, I then gazed upon the beautiful and historic Jamestown Church tower. This stately and magnificent structure is partially covered with glossy ivy which adds much to the grandeur of the old church. The original hand-made bricks, which still remain, have faded into exquisite colors of pink, blue, and orange.

Surrounding the Memorial Church, restored in 1907, is the ancient graveyard where lie buried many of the early settlers. Perhaps the most interesting graves are those of the Reverend James Blair and his wife, Sarah Harrison, which, although at one time side by side, have been separated by a grotesque old sycamore tree.

Anxious to see more of the grounds, I left the old church and followed a path lined by many old trees. I saw one tree that really caught my fancy. It was an ivy tree. Evidently ivy once started growing on the trunk of a tree and now has completely covered it. It even has branches of ivy extending from it, and I'm still wondering how ivy could grow into branches, but I guess that is all part of nature. The pathway wound around huge breastworks built during the Civil War, and then I came upon the foundations of several buildings built during colonial times that have been recently excavated. All of these beautiful sites are part of the wonderful history of Jamestown Island.

Too soon my interesting and impressive tour was completed, and I realized that I must leave. As I left the Island, I looked back and saw the striking monument which seemed to stand for all the perils and hardships endured by the first settlers at Jamestown Island.

II

"That the Future May Learn from the Past"

by BARBARA STANTON

"WILLIAMSBURG IS FUN." At these warm and alive buildings in Williamsburg you are greeted by hostesses in Colonial dress in true Southern style. In the craft shops you can watch the bootmaker at the cobbler's bench; the cabinetmaker at the lathe wheel; the printer at the press; and the blacksmith at the forge, just as you would have found them working during the eighteenth century.

The apothecary will offer you a pinch of snuff, the gaoler will allow you to put your head in the enlarged holes in the pillory.

In all of Williamsburg there is not one sign that says DO NOT TOUCH or DO NOT GO BEYOND THE ROPE or KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

When the capital of the colony was removed from Jamestown in 1699, the city was laid out and named Williamsburg in honor of William III. It continued to be the capital for 80 years, and during that time was the social and political, religious, and educational center of Virginia.

An area about one mile long and a half mile wide has been fully restored to its appearance in the eighteenth century. This restoration was the dream of the late Rev. Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, and was made a reality by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr. at a cost of more than thirty million dollars.

From 1699 to 1780, Williamsburg was ranked as a colonial capital with Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston.

Most of the tours of Williamsburg start at the little Court House. It is noticeable for its curious jutting porch, which has no visible means of support. Here on exhibit one may find relics that were found during the restoration and photographs of the restoration during various stages.

The Capitol is one of the two major works of the construction, the other being the Governor's Palace.

Upon entering the Capitol, the visitor is greeted by a hostess in her costume of 1748 or thereabouts. The hoops of her skirts are so large that one wonders how she makes it through the doors, until you

see how deftly she hoists the hoops, port and starboard, to make the entrance.

The building was originally completed in 1705, burned in 1747, and reconstructed 4 years later. The second building also burned. The Capitol of 1705 has been rebuilt on the foundations of the original structure. It has been furnished in accordance with ancient records of the Virginia Colony. This beautiful red brick building is built like the letter H. It has round, rectangular, dormer, and arched windows.

There has been much talk about prison reform in this country, but the chances are that you have no idea how inhumane the early prisons were until you've visited the Williamsburg Gaol. Even with candlelight, the cells are so dark that you can hardly see them. The people were fed by slits in the walls, and heavy chains are fastened to the floors. The prisoners were allowed to exercise in a narrow passageway with no roof for a few minutes daily. The gaolers had their quarters right in the prison. There are a parlor and dining room on the first floor and a bedroom on the second. Moreover, at least one of the gaolers had children. This was indeed a dangerous job for any man.

Minor offenders were publicly ridiculed in the Gaol courtyard. Their heads were locked in the pillory and their legs in the stocks. If the present edge of the board on which the victim sat is authentic, then the stocks must have been a form of torture.

Raleigh Tavern was a center of social and political life before the Revolution. George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, and Patrick Henry were only a few of the patriots who helped make history in this tavern. It was in the Apollo Room that students of the College of William and Mary are said to have founded Phi Beta Kappa Society in 1776.

Raleigh Tavern is by far the most important tavern in Williamsburg today. This old tavern is furnished with fine old 18th century pieces. No meals are served there today, but this was once the most fashionable place in the colonial town. (George Washington did *not* sleep here. The tavern was so noisy, he stayed at Mrs. Campbell's across the street—so he wrote in his diary.)

"Symbol of the dignity and power of the crown, the Governor's Palace reigns in Georgian splendor at the head of the Palace Green. With its many outbuildings, elegant formal gardens, a canal, and bowling green, all surrounded by a handsome brick wall, this seems more like a plantation than a town house."

During the battle of Yorktown, the Palace was used as a hospital and the 156 soldiers who died here were buried in the formal garden. Their graves, without markers, were discovered when the restoration began.

What was left of the outbuildings were used for a century as private homes, and these disappeared during the occupation of the northern army in the Civil War. When the railroad came, it laid its tracks right across the site, and then a factory reared its ugly head at the north end of the garden. To make the desecration complete, a particularly hideous schoolhouse was built on a part of the old palace foundations, facing the Green.

The Palace is so lavish it almost takes your breath away. The more one looks at this piece of restoration work, the more we are, as the hymn puts it, "lost in wonder, love, and praise." It contains beautiful 18th-century pieces from all over the world, especially from England. Rich black walnut panels the main entrance hall and then continues up the wide circular stairway, giving an impression of solidity, strength, and elegance. The downstairs rooms, including the dining room, ballroom, and supper room, are extremely formal, having been designed primarily for entertaining. Here the governor gave fabulous parties for hundreds of guests at a time.

Upstairs the governor relaxed with his family and close friends. Here you will see his luxurious bedroom and the private parlor where he lounged in a chair with

a velvet footstool, smoked his pipe, read, and drank punch which he seasoned to his taste with spices from an olivewood chest on the table. The wall covering in his parlor is hand-tooled leather from Spain. There are guest bedrooms on this floor, too. The third floor contains additional bedrooms but is not open to the public.

Within, each room is a treasure chamber of the past. It is impossible to call attention to any special items out of the thousands there.

The Palace is a piece of restoration work that has never been attempted before in this country. To appreciate what meets the eye at every glance would mean many visits and the presence of a guide who had shared in the work. The Governor's Palace is the crowning achievement of the Williamsburg Restoration.

All the rooms in the exhibition buildings are gay with flowers except in winter. Only those kinds of flowers grown in the 18th-century Williamsburg are used, in containers popular during the period.

Tucked away in a courtyard behind the guardhouse are the service quarters, a bustling village of homey white clapboard-and-brick houses with broad brick chimneys that are barely visible from the gardens. There are a kitchen, scullery, laundry, wellhead, smokehouse, and salthouse. A maid in costume makes bayberry candles in the scullery, and the cook moves about in her kitchen in long skirts, apron, and white ruffled cap. She sometimes sits in a shoo-fly chair; a foot operated treadle swings the overhead moplike contraption that shoos flies away.

Conveniently opening onto the kitchen courtyard are the wine cellars. These cellars are in the original foundations and are dark, with a musty smell of old wine stored in ancient kegs. Nearly all of the original foundations were found when the excavations began. The lines of the walls, steps, pond area and drain pipes showed clearly in the earth. The Palace Gardens are as formal as a "curtsy" and reflect the elegance in which the governors lived. As in all Williamsburg gardens the emphasis is on design, rather than planting material. The central section of the garden is laid out carefully with neatly clipped hedges forming diamonds, squares, circles, and rectangles. Standing guard over this section are the "twelve apostles", twelve huge box trees.

To the west of this section are the holly maze and terraced gardens down to the canal.

The Wren Building on the campus of William and Mary still has some parts of the original walls. This is the oldest academic building in English America.

Virginia's Liberty Bell still rings in the tower of Bruton Parish Church, on the west side of the Palace Green. This is one of the most historic churches in America. The exterior and interior have been completely restored. Its aisles are stone-flagged and its old benches are mahogany painted white.

Names on the high white pews are in memory of the planters and statesmen who worshipped there when this was the official court church of the colony. The gallery of the church was reserved for William and Mary students, who were locked in for each service and the key turned over to the sexton. You can still see student names carved in the handrail.

The costumes that the hostesses wear are not graceful, but this particular costume was selected to avoid the elaborate headdressing which went with later styles. A hostess has seven dresses; three percale or muslin for use in the summer; three woolen ones for use in winter, and a taffeta or brocade dress for evening wear. Each hostess has buckled shoes, caps, and capes, and each costume is designed to suit the individual's build and coloring.

When visiting this colonial town that has been reconstructed, you can sense a new understanding of our American heritage. You feel a deep sense of kinship with the people who lived so long ago. Yes, "Williamsburg *is* fun."

Metaphors

by FRANCES BAILEY

I

A Tree

In spring a tree's a woman, young and fair,
Awakened from her slumber by the sun.
The bee, her lover, finds the wonderous sweetness
Of the fragrant blossoms in her hair.

As time flows by, the summer with its power
Finds her alone. Her lover now is gone.
Yet bravely still she primps, although the foe,
Dread winter, advances with each new-born hour.

But in the fall her weary fingers slow,
Her radiance faded by the rush of time.
With shudders as the autumn chill she knows,
Her beauty she surrenders to the foe.

Winter, laughing gayly o'er his prize,
Surrounds her with his dreaded cloak of gray.
She helplessly in supplication stands
And lifts her old gnarled fingers to the skies.

II

On Little Things

Laughs are chubby little girls,
With sparkling eyes and golden curls.
Who can the darkest grouch beguile,
And turn his frown into a smile;
Who never did a stranger find,
Nor was to any beauty blind.
When she leaves, all worries go,
And lingers still a rosy glow.

A naughty little boy's a frown,
Who turns the household up-side-down.
Who kicks the cat and pulls his tail,
And causes little girls to wail.
Whom no one loves but mother dear,
And all the neighboring gardeners fear.
And all the world in dire despair
Walks off, and leaves him frowning there.

JACK HARVEY

Four Beautiful Homes

THE SPIRITS of four great men live in their beautiful Virginia homes. The outstanding architecture of these mansions and their elegant beauty and charm have inspired architects all over the world.

On the banks of the James River, Westover, the home of Colonel William Byrd, II, founder of Richmond, is situated. Spacious lawns look beyond the gardens to the river.

Overlooking the Potomac River are Mount Vernon, home of George Washington and Stratford, home of General Robert E. Lee.

Last, but certainly not least, is Monticello. Unlike the river homes, Thomas Jefferson built his beloved home on a beautiful mountain.

Words are inadequate to describe these beautiful and famous estates, reflecting the elegance of their early days.

I

Mount Vernon

by ELIZABETH BOWEN

ONE of the most beautiful as well as famous American shrines is Mount Vernon, the home of George and Martha Washington. It is situated on a bluff overlooking the winding Potomac River. Standing on the spacious lawn at Mount Vernon, I looked down at the Potomac below me. The view of the winding river was very lovely.

There is a tradition on the Potomac River concerning Mount Vernon. Admiral Sir George Cockburn, commanding naval officer of the raid on the city of Washington in 1812, unintentionally started this tradition. After the raid he was sailing down the Potomac River and passed Mount Vernon where Washington had died a few years earlier. He ordered that the ship's bell be tolled as he passed there. Whether it was in defiance or admiration of our first president, no one ever knew. Since then boats traveling on the Potomac toll their bells as they pass Mount Vernon.

To me one of the most impressive things about this plantation home is the outstanding white high-columned portico which extends the length of the house. Washington always liked to have chairs on the veranda where he entertained his guests. I could understand why he entertained there, because the view of the river from the veranda is very pretty.

Through the years the original furniture of Mount Vernon has been restored. All the furnishings of Washington's bedchamber are originals. The beautiful antique furniture in the dining-room was especially lovely. I could almost imagine

the elegant ladies and gentlemen, dressed in their elaborate clothing, eating at the table. Of course, I mustn't forget the old slaves, so anxious to please their master and mistress as they patiently served the food.

Leaving the house, I strolled through a beautifully landscaped area of groves, lawns, and formal gardens. One path led down through a grove of trees to the river's edge. The flower garden and kitchen garden are placed to the left of the bowling green. The kitchen garden contains vegetables known to have been in Washington's original garden. The flower garden is noted for its tall and beautiful boxwood hedges. There are also many varieties of eighteenth century flowers.

This beautiful country mansion represents to me all the old, but never-to-be-forgotten, charm and beauty of Colonial Days.

II

Monticello

by HARRIET WYCHE

BEAUTIFUL MONTICELLO is located on a gracefully rising mountain overlooking Charlottesville, Virginia. Thomas Jefferson, architect as well as statesman, designed and built his lovely home.

At the time I visited this beautiful mansion there had been a recent shower. As we drove up the mountain to Monticello, the trees and foliage around us seemed to glisten with rain drops. I could well understand why Jefferson chose to build his home on this mountain.

I was first impressed with the architecture of Monticello. It seemed that Jefferson's personality was portrayed in the grandeur of his home. The beauty of the rose bricks was emphasized by the white woodwork. The lofty entrance portico was supported by graceful white columns, which are so typical of Jefferson's architecture.

As I entered the spacious entrance hall at Monticello, the first thing I noticed was a strange looking clock. Jefferson loved to design various devices and furnishings which I saw throughout the house. The elaborate clock I was speaking of indicated not only the hours but the days of the week.

The dining-room was very lovely. I have never seen such a gorgeous mantelpiece as the one in this room. There are beautiful Wedgewood designs on it. Jefferson had so designed the mantelpiece that in little panels on the sides wine bottles rise from the cellar on one side and descend empty on the other.

One of the prettiest bedrooms I saw was "Madison's room." The bed was set in a little alcove. The alcove bed was one of Jefferson's space-saving ideas. The colors of the room were pale yellows and creams, and a marble fireplace was at one end.

Furniture throughout the house shows Jefferson's ingenuity and originality. Maybe it's just because I'm lazy, but the invention I was most interested in was a device in which he could work and recline. The seat of the chair and the top of the table revolved conveniently.

The spacious grounds at Monticello are also very lovely. Beautiful mountain shrubbery and plants surround the house. On either side of the mansion two tall trees rise and seem to stand like sentinels on guard.

The beautiful and stately yet simple charm of Monticello is unequalled anywhere. As I looked at the peaceful home, it seemed that Monticello stood aloof from the cares of the world. Here on the mountain the house overlooks beautiful rolling lowlands. Thomas Jefferson, so proud of his home, once said, "All my wishes end where I hope my days will end, at Monticello."

III

Stratford On The Potomac

by ELIZABETH BOWEN

STRATFORD was built about 1730 by Thomas Lee and stands on the banks of the Potomac River. One is impressed with the unusual and interesting shape of this beautiful brick home. It is H-shaped which makes all rooms accessible to one great hall.

This spacious and beautiful hall is one of the largest paneled rooms in Virginia. An exquisite chandelier hangs from the ceiling, and heavy draperies hang from the top of the windows to the floor.

I was greatly interested in the sunny "Mother's Room" where Robert E. Lee, the famous Civil War general, was born. The room itself is very dainty and pretty. There was a tiny little cradle at the side of the big bed which rocked Lee as a baby. This bedchamber was very sunny due to huge windows which reached almost from the floor to the ceiling.

I particularly enjoyed visiting the kitchen. There is a huge brick fireplace large enough to roast an ox. This is typical of kitchen fireplaces of that period. Pots, pans, and other kitchen utensils help to present a perfect picture. I could almost imagine the old "darkies" dressed in bright colored clothes as they prepared the meals.

The first floor is raised fifteen feet off the ground. This gives the effect of a one-story house. The minor rooms are on the ground floor with the major rooms on the first floor.

The grounds at Stratford have been carefully restored, and a lovely boxwood garden is at the back of the house. A huge brick barn and the stables have also been restored and are in use.

Stratford on the Potomac is an excellent example of colonial estates and represents rural life at its best in carly Virginia.

IV

Westover On The James

by BETTY STANTON

AS THE SUN rises across the James River, it smiles on one of the most beautiful colonial mansions, Westover. I approached the house, a fine example of Georgian architect, by the garden side. A walkway leads up to the door through two great gates of handsomely wrought iron. Atop the main entrance posts are the "Birds" with outstretched wings which symbolize the owners. On the beautiful gate is the monogram of William Byrd who built this lovely home during the

early eighteenth century. This ornamented gate is unique among the colonial homes of Virginia.

It is said that William Byrd once wrote to a friend in London, "In a year or two I intend to set about building a very good house." I'm sure that I and everyone else agree that Westover is indeed a "very good house," to say the least.

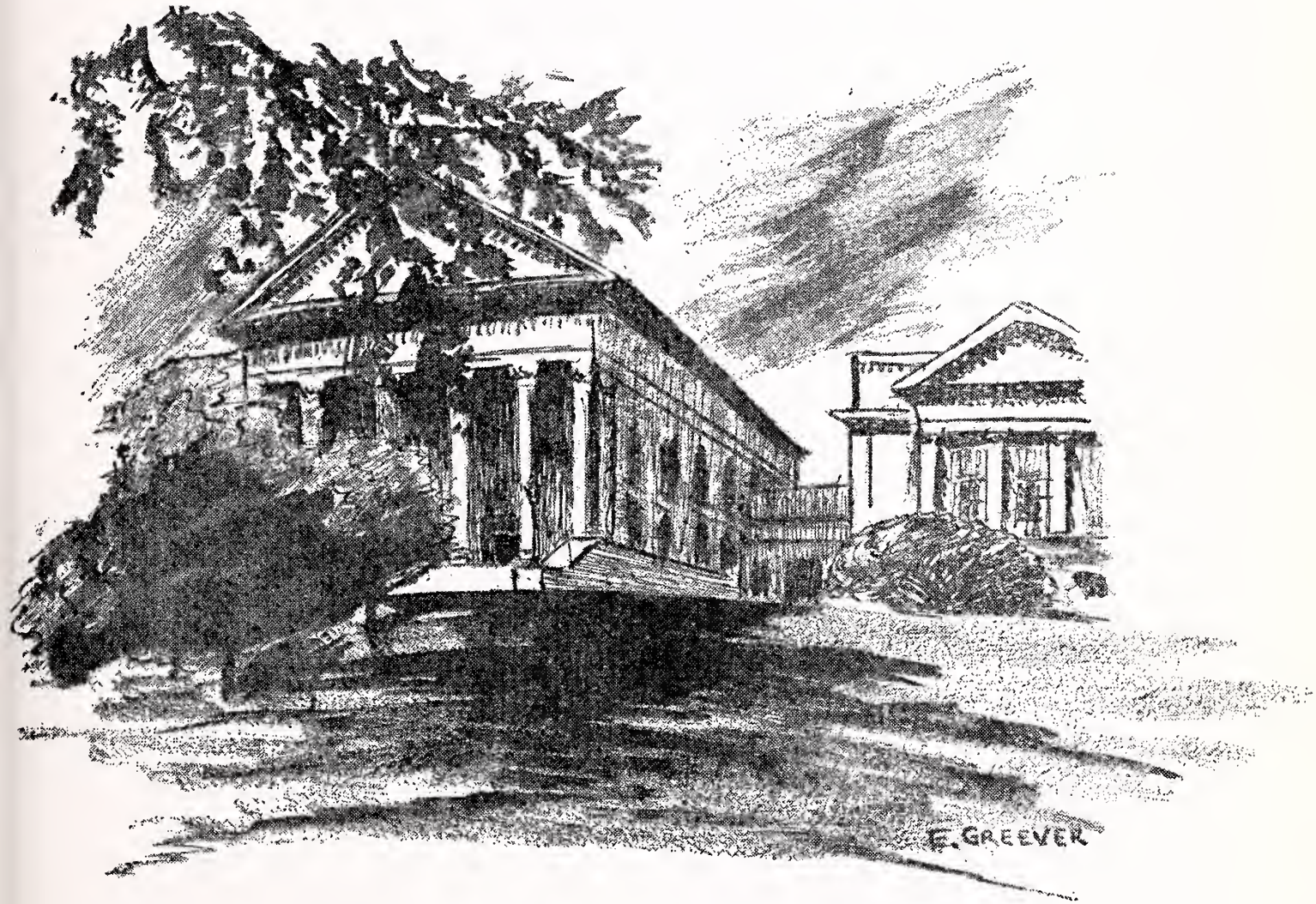
I was greatly impressed with the many shady old tulip poplars growing on the spacious lawn. Beautiful boxwood was growing down to the river's edge.

This handsome estate has one of the most beautiful doorways in America with interesting three-sided stone steps leading to the door. Above the door is the pineapple which signifies hospitality.

To me, Westover is exquisite in detail. It has many decorative trimmings and many beautiful carvings in the interior. The house is furnished in many rare pieces of heirloom furniture of the fifteenth century.

I shall never forget this elegant old James River estate. This home of old brick and partly covered with ivy is a masterpiece of architecture in the Old Dominion.

Literary Section



Blind Date

by NELL ROPER

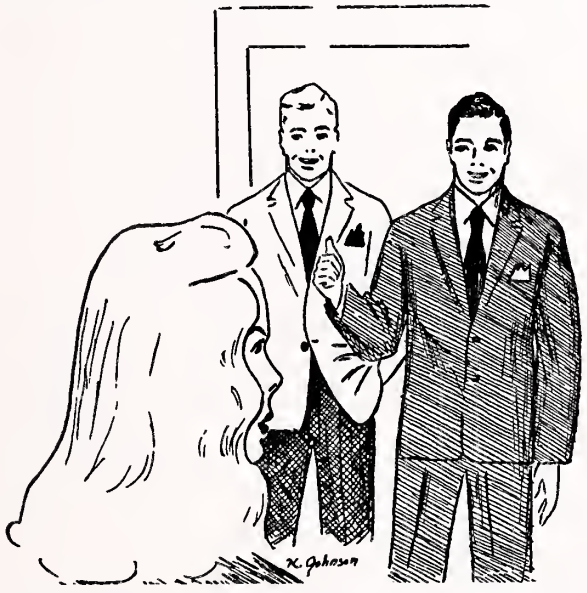
"BREAKFAST is ready, Mary! Please hurry or you will miss the bus."

"Right away, Mother!"

Mary Morgan didn't get up at first. She just lay there in her bed dreaming about the long school day that was to follow.

Her mother ealled once more, "Mary, the bus isn't going to wait for you this morning, so you'd better get down here right away!"

She quickly put on her blue plaid dress, her socks, and flat-heeled tan shoes. Dur-



ing the time she was dressing, her only thought was of how monotonous it was going to be to sit in school on such a beautiful morning.

Finally Mary reached school and was on her way to algebra class when she ran into Joyce Fields. Joyce was a very attractive girl, and she certainly did have her share of dates.

Mary must have been deep in thought, for she did not feel Joyce tugging at her blouse.

"Hey! Mary! Snap out of it. You must have really slept hard last night!"

Mary looked up from her books and found Joyce nervously tapping her on the shoulder.

"Mary, I was wondering if you would do me a favor?"

"Oh, uh-h-h-sure, Joyce! What is it?"

"Well, I'll tell you; I have a cousin who has been in town for several days, and I was wondering if you might like to go out with him tonight. You see, he has met several nice boys, but I haven't as yet introduced him to any attractive girls. What do you say?"

Mary was so excited that she could hardly open her mouth.

"Oh yes, Joyce! I'd love to!"

"Well, good, Mary! We'll pick you up about seven-thirty if that's all right."

"Certainly, Joyce! That will be fine!"

The school day finally came to an end, and Mary could hardly wait to get home to tell her mother what had happened at school.

After Mary had revealed the news to her mother, she immediately went next door to confide in Fred Allen, her lifelong friend. Fred and Mary had always thrashed their problems out together, and they seemed to understand each other perfeetly.

Mary came bursting into the Allens' living room and found Fred showing a friend of his a new rifle. Fred introduced his friend to Mary as Bill Kress and explained that they were examining his new gun.

Mary excitedly began to tell Fred about her "blind date." The three of them got into deep conversation about their social lives, but more especially about what they expected of a date. Mary glanced at her watch, and, noticing that the time had

quickly slipped away, she excused herself and went home to dress.

It was almost time for her date to arrive, and she began to get "butterflies" in her stomach. A million questions began to pop into her mind. What was he going to be like? How old was he? She wished that he would be only half as considerate as Fred or Bill.

The time finally arrived for her date to pick her up, and she found herself nervously stroking her long black hair. All of a sudden her heart stood still. The doorbell rang, and she could hear familiar voices in the hall. Mary quickly gathered her coat and purse and started down the steps.

Without hesitating she quickly entered the living room, for she knew that if she paused before going in, she might lose all the confidence that she had in herself. When Mary went into the parlor, Joyce quickly got to her feet and said, "Mary, I would like for you to meet my eousin, Bill Kress. Bill, this is Mary Morgan."

The two teenagers were so surprised that they burst into gales of laughter and quickly left the room!

Joyce slowly turned to Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, who were seated in the living room, and remarked with amazement and curiosity, "Did I say something wrong?"

True Love

by ANNE ROBERTSON

Love's not always cheerful,
And love's not always gay,
But it leaves in the heart
A wonderful glow
That will there forever stay.

Love can make you tearful,
And love can make you blue,
But there is no joy
That can compare
To the joy in love that's true.

True love is like sweet music,
Music that's always new,
For when you're in love
You've a song in your heart
That keeps trilling the whole day through.

An Enlightening Experience

by BETTY HINTON

LET's ride on the subway!

That perfectly harmless suggestion met with my approval immediately. What could be more exciting than a ride on the subway for the first time in the big city?

My expectations of excitement were certainly fulfilled—if you want to call almost being crushed to death in a half crazy mob of seat-seekers exciting. What they were in such a hurry for I'll never know since all the seats were taken and had been from early morning it seemed. Why anyone could possibly want to hurry just to be one of hundreds standing in a stuffy aisle being jostled and pushed to death is a mystery to me.

Nevertheless, push they did. Mothers with darling, squalling babies made no impression at all upon the thoroughly indifferent men who happened to have the good fortune to obtain seats. Rudeness seemed to be a quality in mass production in this underground world of brightness, noise, and loneliness.

Even after losing a shoe and regaining it with some difficulty, chasing my hat, which a perfectly darling little boy had become quite attached to, dropping numerous packages which were instantly destroyed beyond repair and feeling as though I had been through an obstacle course, I was still thrilled over my first experience on the subway.

It was such a beautiful day—at least it had been until I left eivilization—that I felt nothing but friendliness for all of the human race. I forgave the sweet child who had quite openly stolen my hat and attributed it to the fact that it did rather resemble a piece of pie with a scoop of ice cream on top. He really was a charming boy—such calculating little blue eyes —and I could easily buy another hat.

Yes, I had a smile for everyone. Maybe that was why the lady standing next to me, who had been thinking my feet were the floor, asked me to hold her baby while she combed her hair and put her hat back on. I could have told her it was useless and probably against the rules to look neat on the subway, but I've never been one to discourage self-improvement and the baby was really precious, so I took it gladly. Using my most motherly tone, which is anything but motherly, I tried to quiet the baby who for some reason had begun to wail as soon as she looked up into my loving face.

"Don't pay no attention to 'er, dearie," said Mother. "She cries all the time."

"Yes, I'm sure she's a dear," I replied sweetly, upon which the little monster bit my finger.

"I see she has quite a few teeth," I said.

"Oh, yes," replied Mother. "She's always chewing on anything handy."

I knew I had to straighten things out with this kid. She wasn't a dog and I was certainly not a bone! Mother had finished her beautifications and decided to take Baby so I let bygones be bygones.

At last I saw a seat across the aisle, and after quite a bit of maneuvering I gratefully sat down with a long sigh of relief. Now I could really begin enjoying my ride.

"Times Square," yelled the conductor.

My destination! Let's face it—you can't win on a subway. Just give me a car, bus, or—best of all—my own two feet!

Musings

by MARY WOODRUM JONES

I

Infidelity

I cried last night.
I bowed my head and wept.
For faith destroyed and pride annoyed,
For vanished fun and things undone,
I cried before I slept.

I had a friend.
I thought her true and fine.
'Til jealous thought that sprang from naught
Caused her to tear and little care
That the heart she tore was mine.

This I have learned
In reason's harsh, cold light:
Friends do not use nor, yet, abuse.
So when I cried, then something died.
I will not cry tonight.

II

Life

I know not whence the cloud appeared
That sunny April's day,
But suddenly it threatened me
And I turned the homeward way.
The lightning flashed.
The thunder rolled.
'Twas an awesome, grim display.

I cringed in fright beneath an elm,
Head bowed I could not see.
Then all at once its fury spent,
The storm had ceased to be.
The sun came out
And above my head
A bluebird sang to me.

And so it is with life, I thought.
We go our tranquil way;
Then suddenly the way is blocked
And we bow our heads to pray.
Then faith dispels
The clouds of fear
And happiness fills the day.

III

Flight's End

Soaring in the heavens
On an autumn's day,
Birds a-wing, I saw them
Flying on their way.

Steadfast in their purpose,
Following the sun,
Knowing they would find refuge
With their journey done.

Breathlessly I watched them;
Then my heart took wing
Soaring upward, onward,
Like the birds that sing.

Knowing if I trust Him,
Who is the sparrow's friend,
I, too, will land in safety
When I reach flight's end.

The Power of the Rocks

by La Verna Smith

Billowing white clouds passed gracefully under a pale blue sky, and bright summer sunlight showered a warm glow over the entire Atlantic.

"Here we are!" Marilyn cried.

"Hurry up and park, Daddy!" little Susie commanded.

Marilyn's eyes were gazing thoughtfully at the wide blue Atlantic whose boundaries seemed to stretch endlessly. Bluish waves were rolling rhythmically on to the shore with almost an air of expectancy.

"Here's your crutch, Marilyn," Mr. Banks remarked, helping his teen-age daughter out of the car.

"Oh, thanks." But Marilyn's thoughts were now centered upon that pile of rocks clustered together not far from the boardwalk. She had spied them as soon as they had approached the beach. At first she had thought of them only as a black pile of useless, jagged rocks sitting alone at the edge of the Atlantic. But now, they seemed to create a chilling and threatening atmosphere — a contrast to the surrounding tranquillity about her. Waves that rolled slowly on the shore seemed to dash against them almost ferociously, and somehow every time Marilyn looked at them she had a strange feeling of unexplainable anxiety.

Scarcely had the family settled themselves on the soft yellow sand when eight-year-old Susie begged, "Mother, may I go in the water? Please. Everybody's out there!"

"Well, all right, but just for a few minutes."

Sure, everybody's out there! Susie's words had stuck in Marilyn's mind, and she thought, "Everybody but me! And oh, that water looks so good. Just look

at that girl swimming toward those rocks. Her legs get her places! Mine only hold me back! For two years now all I do is sit. Every place I go, I sit! Susie was in the car when we had that accident, and just look at her out there. She's as free as a bird!"

Marilyn's thoughts were interrupted when Susie came running gayly up to her. She was dripping wet and her bare feet running through the smooth sand made a squeaky noise. "Sit down, Susie," Mrs. Bank commanded. "It's about time we had something to eat."

"I'm not very hungry," Marilyn replied.

"You're crazy!" Susie informed her. "I'm starved! Hurry, let's eat. I want to finish so I can play on the rocks with the other kids."

"Yes, those rocks are entirely different from everything else around here," Marilyn thought. The pointed and jagged uneven edges seemed to stand out masterfully. To Marilyn's vivid imagination these sharp edges formed various shapes: first a ship, then a tree, next a child's smiling face, and then a child crying.

Disturbed, Marilyn was relieved to hear the gay voice of her little sister saying, "Come on, bury me in the sand, Marilyn." Automatically Marilyn followed her sister's request. Picking up a handful of the soft sand, hot from the pounding sun, she gazed at the waves rolling serenely on the shore and wondered how those ugly rocks could have ever gotten there.

Susie heard her sister, who did not realize she was speaking out loud, say, "But why should those rocks scare me? Look at everybody playing on them. I must be crazy!"

"You sure are crazy!" Susie exploded. "Gosh, those rocks are fun. I'm gonna go play on them."

Observing the gaiety about her, Marilyn tried to watch a little boy bury himself in the sand. However, the child failed to hold her interest, and she found herself watching restlessly the children on the rocks.

With a sudden chill Marilyn noticed that the sun had gone in, and that the blue sky was being replaced by ugly dark clouds. The air about her held a disturbingly cold chill, and people who moments before were carefree and relaxed were hastily gathering their belongings. No longer were the waves rolling gently on the sand, but now roared onto the beach threateningly. Bathers were running out of the chilling water.

"I wish Susie would hurry," Mrs. Banks remarked as she started toward the car with their belongings. "Stay here, Marilyn. I'll be right back to help you."

Remembering Susie's interest in those menacing rocks, Marilyn turned her eyes toward them. Is that someone out there? Marilyn wondered as she began working her way out of her wheelchair. Although the threatening waters dashed against the rocks heartlessly, still they retained their powerful and masterful appearance, and they seemed to Marilyn to be totally unaware of the turmoil about them.

Curiosity getting the best of her, Marilyn grabbed her crutches and walked slowly to the edge of the water. Now she could feel the first drops of rain and hear thunder roaring. She was now only about five feet away from the boardwalk and no more than ten from the rocks. Suddenly, she heard someone screaming. There was someone out there! It was SUSIE!!

Forgetting the two years she had depended on others and resigning herself to helpfulness, Marilyn, unaware of what she was doing, dropped her crutches and began working her way toward the rocks. Upon seeing her sister clinging to the edge of the rocks, Marilyn automatically began moving her arms, and then her legs behind her. She was startled to feel them kicking at first slowly and then gradually faster.

Reaching the slippery rocks, she found Susie, afraid to jump, elinging desperately on to the jagged rocks. Marilyn grabbed the frightened child off the rocks into the chilling, unsettled water. She was thankful that Susie could swim, and that once in the water she managed to do so.

Moving with the angry current this time, Marilyn, amazed at the strength she felt in her legs, began working her way toward shore. Reaching land, she fell exhausted into her father's arms.

Neither her experience on the rocks nor the rain pounding against the car windows seemed to dampen Susie's spirits. Her main concern seemed to be the trip home. However, she suddenly exploded, "Hey, Marilyn. I thought you couldn't swim any more!" Without waiting for or expecting any answer she went on, "You're right about those roeks. They're no good!"

Aloud Marilyn remarked, "Yes, Susie. Those rocks gave you a good scare!" To herself she added, "and they gave me back the strength I'd lost, or at least I thought I'd lost!"

And no longer did the vision of those bleak, lonely rocks at the edge of the Atlantic frighten her, for now just the thought of them seemed to give her added strength.

Sour Notes Ahead

by JOYCE LONG

ABOUT THE FIRST OF JANUARY, my dear beloved music teacher appeared at my lesson with a smiling face. I discovered the cause of her exuberance when she handed me four copies of classical piano selections. She told me I had a real treat in store; I would be allowed to choose my own music for the June recital. It turned out to be more of a treatment than a treat. She played through the numbers so that I might decide on the one I liked best. I sat there deeply contemplating this serious matter. As luck would have it, I decided on the piece with the trills (which sounded more like drills—the electric ones) and all the runs (which turned out to be the general reaction to my performance).

As the dreaded month of June drew nearer, a major problem arose. What in the world should I wear to stun my audience? From the way I flew around town trying on evening gowns, one might have gotten the impression that I was to play in Carnegie Hall. I made two mistakes when I finally decided on a full-length white strapless gown. I also did a very foolish thing when I chose my first pair of high heels.

As time was running out, I refused to look at the calendar. I didn't know my piece very well, so I had to practice harder and harder. If only I hadn't picked the one piece with the trills and runs!

I thought of everything. Maybe an atom bomb would be dropped, maybe an excursion from Mars would very suddenly appear, and I even considered breaking my arm. After all, you must consider that this was my first formal recital. As old Father Time would have it, the seventh of June arrived.

I think I ate supper that night, but actually I can't remember . I took my bath, and then the time came to put on the beautiful "fairy queen" gown. I slipped it over my head, but that "fairy" gown wouldn't even zip. With great horror, I imagined that I had gained a few pounds since the purchase of the dress. It was with great relief that I discovered that the zipper was caught in the fabric. I tried to walk in my beautiful new shoes, but this being my first attempt with high heels, I'm sure any resemblance between me and a duck was purely coincidental.

When we arrived, my fellow sufferers and I were hurried to a small room on one side of the church. The door was closed tightly. I thought of trying to escape, but my teacher was standing guard in front of the door. It seems that she knew her pupils very well.

The advanced pupils were the last to play in the recital. This gave the younger children a chance to get their punishment over first. Of course, I fell just about in the middle of the group. I had one blessed hour before The Moment. Oh, the thoughts that passed through my mind in that one sweet hour.

As the moment drew nearer and nearer, I could feel myself tightening inside as if some hidden little evil spirit were pulling a drawstring that was attached to my nerves.

As I started to walk down the "Aisle of Eternity", I glanced around me. I saw my mother's anxious face, drawn as in a great fear. I saw cold, heartless, piercing eyes and thousands and thousands of people. I tried to walk gracefully, but my high heels kept getting tangled up with my long evening gown. I managed someway to stumble to the end of the aisle and then I saw it.

There stood the piano, leering at me like a big black monster that had risen up out of the sea. Calming myself and hiding my fear, I sat down on part of that horrible monster.

At once a sort of cold numbness overtook me and I couldn't move my fingers.

Fighting with all my strength, I managed to get my hands on the piano. When I started playing my beloved "O Sole Mio", everything else in the world was forgotten. I was in a completely different existence.

When I finished, the applause of the very small audience rang out. As I turned to walk gracefully down the aisle, I saw smiling faces, but none so bright as my mother's. She was actually beaming.

Walking back into the little room where my friends were, I kept thinking about the marvelous gift of music. Music makes people gay and happy, music can create an atmosphere, music can calm a person, and music even causes tears. Yes, it was a wonderful world of music I thought as I sat back to enjoy the rest of the recital and to laugh at the tense, drawn, pale faces of those pupils who had not yet played.

Faith . . . .

by JUANITA PURYEAR

Lonely weeping willow tree,
Do not weep any more for me.
Do not wave your leaves good-bye;
Do not ever sob or sigh.

Lonely weeping willow tree,
Let your sadness forever flee,
For surely winter soon will go
And life will return to you, I know.

Lonely weeping willow tree,
Do not weep any more for me.
Life I too cannot retain,
Yet I know that I shall live again.

Ink . . . .

by JERRY MOYAR

Who will spread me with his pen
To form a thought for him?
For I but take a slight command
To please his every whim.

Who? It matters not to me,
Though I, an obedient slave,
Whose symbols once a nation shook,
Can please both king and knave.

He to make his lasting fame
Or scribe the work of day
Has but to use me as I am
And put me where he may.

Stormy Weather

by THOMAS RUSSELL

THE CROWD HUSHED as the gray-haired man stepped to the tee. He gazed down the bright sunlit fairway and prepared to hit his little white ball. He placed it on a small bit of wood, which he rammed into the ground. He took one last quick look down the fairway, and then he began to swing at the ball. His swing was a beautiful thing to watch. The club flowed smoothly to the top of the backswing, and then, with seemingly little effort, descended and hit the ball with a sharp smack. The ball sailed down the fairway as if it had been shot from a rifle. Its flight was straight and true and caused the gallery to clap with vigor.

The man's name was John Rogers. He was about fifty years old and was a bit heavy set. He was a successful insurance broker who had always loved golf. His first job was as a junior caddie at a golf course. John had played the game now for almost forty years.

This was the state amateur championship, and it had reached the final round. John was facing a man fifteen years his junior. This was the first time John had been in the finals, even though this was his eighth state amateur tournament. In six of them he had been eliminated in the first round, and once in the second.

John thought to himself that he had never seen a more nearly perfect day for golf. The sun beamed down out of a cloudless sky, and there was just enough breeze to cool things off. The dew from the night before sparkled in the bright sunlight on the wavy green grass. The birds sang in the trees that lined the fairways. Insects darted gayly about, seemingly without a care in the world.

All the pre-tournament tenseness left John's body as he sucked in deep breaths of the wonderful air. This kind of day seemed to affect him deeply. The carefree spirit of the insects crept into his body, and he began to whistle a song.

The caliber of his play now was better than it had been in any other part of the tournament. His shots were truer and his drives longer. He appeared unbeatable on the first nine holes. Everything he tried seemed to work. The gallery were greatly surprised. They had expected to see the younger man win with ease.

As the players started the second nine holes, a cloud appeared and blotted out the sun. The birds stopped singing, and the insects took on a new tone. They seemed to be running from some peril.

John saw the shadow of the cloud coming towards him. It appeared to him to be a cloak which would wipe out his good luck. He looked around, trying to find someplace to hide from the shadow.

"What's the matter, Mr. Rogers?" asked his caddie.

"Nothing," he replied hastily. "I was just wondering where that cloud came from."

"I saw it just a few moments ago," replied the caddie. "It's your shot, Mr. Rogers. Better be careful. There's a little bit of wind coming up."

"Do you think I can reach the green with a six iron?" he asked the boy, even though he had already decided to use it.

"I believe you can," said the boy as he gave John the six iron.

John addressed the ball, and then attempted to hit it. Just as he was swinging, the shadow of the cloud went across him. He pulled the club up just slightly, but this gave the ball an improper loft, and it sailed over the green and into a sand bunker.

"Darn that cloud," he muttered under his breath. The relaxed feeling left his body, and his nerves became tense. The enjoyment of the morning was gone, and he did not look forward to the next shot.

He blasted out of the trap, but just a little weakly. The ball hit the green and sat on the very edge. John's putt was too strong, and his second one stopped on the edge of the cup. This was the first hole he'd lost, but he felt there would be others.

There were. His game now was mediocre. His only thought was to hold out through the eighteenth hole. He considered it lucky to make par, now.

After the seventeenth hole, John and his opponent were all even. There was a short walk through the woods between the seventeenth green and the eighteenth tee. John noticed the trees as he walked. He saw how the wind which had risen bent them over. He also saw how they constantly fought to right themselves. He said to himself, "Why can't I be like the trees, and fight back?"

The tenseness once more left his muscles, but this time determination replaced it. He stepped onto the tee and hit the ball perfectly. His second shot was on the green within twenty feet of the cup. His opponent was also on, but slightly farther away. The opponent's first putt was within two inches of the cup and was concedable.

John knew that he would not be able to keep this newly found inspired feeling for one hole more, so he determined that he must sink the putt. He sighted along the smooth green, took his aim, and hit the ball. It rolled straight for the cup but gradually slowed down and came to a rest on the very lip of the hole. Just as the gallery was starting to let out a cry, the wind picked up and moved the ball just far enough to fall into the cup.

John, amid the shouts of the mob around him knew that foul weather as well as fair could sometimes be your friend.

Query . . .

by PHYLLIS HIRSHHORN

What is the wind saying to me,
As it whirrs and whizzes through bush and tree?
Many's the roar I've heard at my door,
When a storm comes up and it starts to pour;
Yet at times it is sweet and gently swaying,
But how can I tell what it is saying?

A Bargain

by HARRIET WYCHE

HAVE you ever been with your mother to a hat sale? I once had that unlucky experience, but I vowed it would never happen again. Mother didn't need a hat, but in her eyes, a bargain is nothing to be laughed at.

Early one hot summer morning as I was beginning to give my dolls their breakfast, my mother's sweet voice summoned me to her. As soon as she caught sight of five year old me, her sweet voice changed to..... I won't say what. I was covered with mud from my bare feet to my straight brown hair. You see, this was my baking day, and my inconsiderate mother had disturbed me while baking mud cakes for my dolls' breakfasts. Needless to say, I was jerked to the bathroom, washed, and dressed in a sissy old dress. As if that wasn't bad enough, it had pink bows on it. Of all colors, they were pink! My favorite color was *red* and nothing but *red.* I even had to put on shoes—black, shiny patent leather ones that hurt my little toes and squeaked when I walked. I knew better than to complain since my mother and I weren't hitting it off right this morning.

Now were we ready to go down town? Oh my, no! Mother had to run all over the house three times, lost the car keys twice, and give the brainless maid instructions. I could hear her fussing all the time about the bargains she was losing. All that time I sat in a big chair with my favorite dolly, Mary Ann. She was my favorite because she wore a beautiful *red* dress.

At last we were on the way to the sale. We ran through red lights and stop signs. After all, bargains are nothing to be laughed at.

Everything went all right 'til we entered the department store. Mother had even bought a lollipop for me. We must have been quite a sight streaking through the store. My short fat legs were almost spinning, and in the confusion, poor Mary Ann had a lollipop stuck in her "real" hair.

Of course, my mother must beat Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith to the sale so she could have first choice of the bargains. Up the elevator, up some steps, down a hall, and around the corner was our destination—no, we had to take another elevator. Anyway we got there, mother, me, and Mary Ann.

Whom should my mother first see but Mrs. Smith! If you could have seen her face, you would've died—such an expression of disappointment and misery as I've never seen before. Mrs. Smith had beaten her to the sale! I knew mother was blaming it all on me, so I decided to make an exit. It was impossible since my little hand was clasped tightly in my mother's.

Mother, pretending not to see poor Mrs. Smith, went straight to work, and I mean work, trying to get to the hat counter. After elbowing her way to the counter through women eight or ten deep, she soon forgot her little daughter, and Mary Ann and I were left to amuse ourselves. We didn't have to go far to find our amusement. The women, half-crazed over their desire to get a bargain, put on quite a show with my mother the star of the performance.

The first act went like this: Mother, having fought her way to the counter, began fumbling through the hats trying to find one to suit her. Ah, she found one! It was a grotesque little creation consisting of nothing more than a pink feather, not red, and a pink ribbon stretched around a piece of net. I disliked it immediately because it wasn't red. It looked like the mischief on Mother, and she knew it but wouldn't admit it. After all it was a bargain!

The next hat was even worse. It resembled something Napoleon might have worn. It was tri-cornered and had cords criss-crossing all over it. While Mother was prancing, rather pushing, in front of the mirror, another woman decided she liked it and grabbed it from her. Yes indeed, she grabbed it right off her head. Then talk about a cat fight—whew! Mother grabbed it back, and before long the hat was no longer tri-cornered but "multi-cornered." Nevertheless it was a bargain.

After trying on fifty or more different bonnets of all colors, shapes, and descriptions, my Mother emerged from the throng of women. With perspiration dripping from her face, she held up her bargain. It was *red!* I liked it!

Youth

by CATHERINE GOODWYN

The teen-age years are but a frisky colt,
Too young to shed the mare's restraining lead,
Yet urged by growth of heart and limb to bolt,
And jump the pasture gate, perchance to feed
In farther fields green as a shamrock leaf.

The mare is patient with her young. She knows
His rebel heart beats faster, bold hoofs pound
An eager thunder with each wind that blows;
That he will follow every sight and sound
Until his years are numbered three or four.

And so she gives the proud young colt his way
Secure within the knowledge of her kind
That he will soon discover shamrocks stay
Upon familiar ground; return to find
No latch has ever held the pasture gate.

The Antique

by ANN LAWRENCE

IT IS SUMMER in Gaylesville, a small town in the South. The door of Mr. Carter's shop stands open, and any passer-by can see within the cabinet-maker hard at work. The floor is almost completely covered with wood shavings, and most of the space is taken up with broken-down chairs, tables, desks and other pieces of old furniture.

Towards the back is Mr. Carter perched on a high stool at his work counter. His hands show many hours of hard work, and his shoulders are rounded from his usual position of sitting on the stool and bending over his work. He stands about five feet seven inches and is rather old looking for sixty. His hair is quite gray, and his forehead is wrinkled. No doubt he should wear an apron because the smudges of dirt on his faded and worn pants show that he wipes his hands on his legs all during the day.

On his face generally there is a pleasant smile which tells you that he loves the feel, the smell, and the looks of old wood. His greatest joy is making beautiful again these reminders of the past.

Today is different. The expression on his face is a disturbed one and his thoughts are buzzing like the flies at his screen door. He says to himself, "If I just had some way to get my hands on three or four hundred dollars, how wonderful it would be to take my nephew out of his wheelchair and give him his freedom. But with the few dollars his mother and I can save, it will be many a long day before Bobby can have his operation."

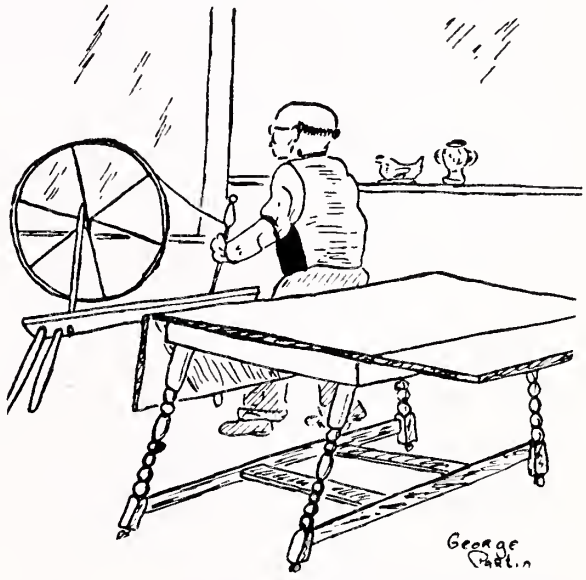
His thoughts are interrupted, for, "Good morning, Mr. Carter," calls Mrs. Temple as she walks briskly into his work shop. She is a well-dressed woman of almost forty-five.

"Good-morning to you, Ma'am," is the reply. "Be with you in just one moment. Certainly is a lovely day, isn't it?"

"I should say it is. Now please don't hurry on my account." She thinks to herself, "I surely don't mind waiting a few minutes for him after his kindness towards me all these years. And Heaven knows, I've never before seen such skill with wood in one man."

Leaving his work behind and coming to the front, the old cabinet-maker inquires, "What can I do for you today, Mrs. Temple?"

"Oh, I found the loveliest old desk in walnut for Mary's room, and I want you



to do it over, possibly before she gets home for Christmas."

"You can be sure I'll have it done by then, and how is Mary getting along in college?"

"She tells us that she loves it, Mr. Carter, but we miss her terribly at home."

"I know you do. By the way, if you're not in a hurry, I want to show you a tea table I bought on my last buying trip."

"Why, certainly."

Leading the way through desks, chairs, and tables, Mr. Carter explains, "I got it rather cheap. It's beautiful mahogany, and I know very old, but I believe it may be even more valuable than I first thought."

Seeing it before Mr. Carter ever laid his hand on the small table Mrs. Temple exclaims, "It's perfectly lovely! You may be right about its value. I'm almost positive I've seen a picture of that very table in one of my antique magazines. I shall look for that magazine the minute I get home."

Greatly excited, Mrs. Temple leaves the shop, for she loves antiques and is fond of Mr. Carter. On the way home she thinks, "I didn't want to get his hopes up, but I just know I've seen a picture of that very table."

Reaching home she immediately goes to the attic in search of the magazine. Thirty minutes later, and a little dusty, she cries, "I've got it!" There before her is the picture of the little table, and written beneath it is the following:

> Wanted: Information on the whereabouts of this table, historically valuable to the Restoration of Williamsburg. Approximate value $1,350.00.

Today has been a busy one for Mrs. Temple, but she can't wait until tomorrow to tell Mr. Carter the good news.

Waving the magazine for all it is worth she hurries into the shop to find Mr. Carter sweeping the place before closing. "I knew it," she exclaims as she pushes the magazine open to the picture in front of him. "Why, it says here it's worth thirteen hundred and fifty dollars."

A pleasant smile comes over the old gentleman's face as he pictures his nephew walking again, and his beautiful table displayed for everyone to see. "It's truly a dream come true," he says with deep contentment.

The Watchman

by JANET BUTLER

The moon is the watchman of the night
Who silently treads the milky way,
Swinging his lantern, spreading light
O'er all who pass the dark hours away
In sleep awaiting the break of day.

On calmer nights when the sky is clear,
The twinkling stars this brilliance share.
Each light can be seen from far and near,
But a glimpse of this host becomes so rare
When a storm invades the still night air.

Slowly the moon creeps out of sight
To search a cloud with critical eyes,
And finding no evil or lurking fright,
He continues walking through the skies,
As dawn comes up and darkness flies.

On Self-Entertainment

by JACK BORTZ

SINCE people either associate with other people, or they don't, entertainment naturally falls into two classes: mass entertainment and self-entertainment. Of mass entertainment I can hardly say more than that which has been said in the numerous volumes that have been written on that subject. Therefore, I shall endeavor to entertainment myself, and possibly you also, by saying a few words on self-entertainment.

Self-entertainment is at best a pastime that is indulged in by introverts who are seeking to avert themselves, by diverted ambiverts with inverted tastes, or by converted extroverts with nothing else to do.

A most common form of self-entertainment may be described as follows: the entertainer (for so we shall call our solo ensemble) assumes a recumbent position at full length, crosses his feet, folds his arms behind his head, and sinks into a state of complete oblivion. At times our entertainer is so engrossed in his abstraction that he begins to purr, often quite loudly.

At last he arises, feeling better for having so constructively entertained himself.

If I may take a moment, let me insert a word from the wise. Never attempt prematurely to arouse the entertainer from his diversion, or he will become full of ire and passion, and he may flip the proverbial lid.

Many a talented soul might take up digital manipulation (sometimes known as thumb twiddling). Since there are many variations of the original pattern of thumb over thumb and since many intricacies may be introduced by adding more fingers, the entertainer may spend many enjoyable hours at such an interesting art.

This is, however, not just an idle pastime, for in more than one instance it has blossomed into full time employment. One dear friend of mine developed such an acute sense of rhythm at digital manipulation that he won a scholarship to one of the nation's leading musical conservatories.

Self-entertainment may manifest itself in this form: the entertainer may engage in and carry on a lengthy conversation with possibly the most astute admirer he has, which is himself. Always fully understanding what he has to say, and always having a ready reply, this conversation soon assumes amazing proportions. From such a dialogue one may readily learn many things, thus further increasing the entertainer's opinion of the one with whom he has been conversing.

May I humbly suggest that you do not entertain yourself excessively in such a manner, for not all lunatics are happy, and happiness is a desired end in most entertainment.

Poems

by Bill Scott

How Do They Know?

When I was very small, I loved the birds;
And I do still. I find in those gay minstrels
A source of deep, abiding joy. To me
Each bit of song is food for tranquil thought.
When just a tiny tot, I used to like
To talk of my friends to older, wiser people,
Who smiled when one so little tried to speak.
Once an aunt, who thought to stump me, asked:
"How do the birds know how to find their way home
When snow has covered their nesting place all winter?"
The smile on her face gave way to an open-mouthed stare
When I said with not a pause, "God shows them how."
Much was made of this statement; I never knew why.
To me it is an axiom needing no proof
By other than my faith. My early life
Convinced me that God does not give birds some organ
With which to find their way. He rather shows
Each little one the tree that bears his nest,
The one from which he made the faltering flight
When first his wing to him gave faith to fly.
I hope I'll ever believe God shows them how.

The Making of a Man

When does a boy become a man?
What is the age sublime?
At twelve, eighteen, or twenty-one
Or graduation time?

It takes more than a passing day
For the making of a man;
It is a very intricate growth
That many years may span.

When first a little one goes to school
He's nearer to his goal.
The years develop the talents that clear
The way to his future role.

When first he ignores a chance to cheat
He's learning to carry his pack;
When first he gives away his ring;
The first time he gets it back.

When first he keeps his wits about him
In midst of fright and strife;
That day he takes the one he loves
In partnership for life.

A process of many changes made,
Following one by one.
It's just a thing that keeps on growing
Until life's day is done.

A Christmas Story

by MARY SKIPWITH RICHARDS

THE good old Christmas saint was greatly troubled. He had made use of his magic power to make himself invisible in order to pay a pre-Christmas visit to those parts of the globe to which his arrival on Christmas Eve night is such a gala occasion. His trip this season was to check the deserving and the undeserving in his little black book, to find out what toys and adornments were in highest favor, and to feel the atmosphere of the Yuletide.

The reason for the distress in the heart of the usually jolly Saint Nicholas was the selfishness he sensed in the hearts of the people and the commercialism that had penetrated into the season of love, peace, and goodwill. The people seemed tense and under strain. Mrs. Brown was in a state because she didn't know the price Mrs. White expected to pay for her present, and it was always so embarrassing if one gave much more or less than she received. The children wanted everything under the sun, and not one of them thought of doing anything for another's happiness.

There was plenty of the hustle and bustle of preparation, but there was no real joy in it. The stores were noisy and crowded, with the din of Christmas music amplified over the noise of the shoppers. The tunes followed one another with such sameness of interpretation that one could scarcely tell where "Frosty, the Snowman" ended and "Silent Night" began.

With a heavy heart, the good saint started north, wondering how he could help the people of the earth to understand the true meaning of Christmas. As he passed over the outskirts of the capital city of a great nation, where the crowds

were larger, more bustling and more hurried than ever, he looked down and saw, just outside the metropolis, a quiet monastery. In the arched portico a solitary friar, in the brown habit of the Franciscan Order, walked in quiet meditation in the dusk. The man's serenity made Saint Nicholas feel the need of a visit with the good monk, so the Christmas saint joined the Franciscan friar in his twilight stroll.

"Perhaps you can help me, Friar," said Santa. "I am greatly disturbed about the people I have seen. They are planning to celebrate Christmas, but I am certain that their plans are not right. They seem to have lost the true spirit of the season."

"Many centuries ago," the friar replied, "in 1223, to be exact, our good patron, Saint Francis of Assisi, was troubled with the same fears about the people of his Italian village, Greccio. Their Christmas celebrations were noisy and worldly. There was much singing, but the songs were not holy songs."

"I have heard many stories of the kindness and humility of the founder of your order," murmured Saint Nicholas. "How did he help his people find the true joy of Christmas?"

"He and his friars built a crude crib in the courtyard of their tiny monastery.

They fashioned an ox and ass of some materials they had at hand; then they placed a blue cloak over the shoulders of a peasant woman. They draped a scarf about her head, and asked her to kneel by the crib, in which they laid a bambino. Then the villagers were invited to come and worship at the scene of Bethlehem."

"Did the people respond?" asked Santa.

"'Yes, they came and sang the joyful songs of the coming of the Christ Child. They loved the little celebration, and returned the next year, and the next."

Saint Nicholas thanked the friar for his story and continued on his journey to the land of the midnight sun.

Once home, Santa turned his shops into beehives of activity. Millions of tiny figures were fashioned of clay, porcelain and cardboard. Little stables and mangers were built. Paint was skillfully applied, and, finally, complete little sets were assembled and boxed, ready for trips on Christmas Eve.

On Christmas morning each little child found, with his other gifts, a little surprise box under his tree. How eagerly his tiny fingers opened the packages and set up the miniature figures! The children loved them, just as the people of Greccio had loved the creche Saint Francis had arranged for them.

Saint Nicholas returned on Christmas night to see how his gifts had been received. He blessed the good friar and his patron, Saint Francis, when he saw, in many homes, parents telling their little ones the wonderful story of the Christmas as they sat quietly before the creche.

The Explorer

by RONALD SIMON

See the fiery flare of rockets
Heading for Pluto, Moon, or Mars.
I have been there long before you,
I, the explorer of the stars.
See the airplane's silvery wings
As they fly to faraway lands.
I have been there long before you,
My name is carved in Egypt's sands.
See the submarine descending
Through the ocean ever lower.
I have been there long before you,
I have walked the ocean's floor.
Go up, go down, go East or West
I have been there to mar your joy.
And still increase your frantic zeal
To see one place, before Kilroy.

The Essayist

by ANN WAGNER

THERE IS, so they say, some genius in all of us. However, when there is a class for which you must write an essay at one time or another, this genius seems to escape you. You hope and pray that the essay will not have to be written, and as you find your hopes answered for the moment, your numbness leaves you.

Since all good things must come to an end, the dreaded sentence finally arrives. The essay must be in by Friday. However, there's plenty of time, and a subject will pop into your head any day. There's no hurry at all, so the days roll by, carefree and untroubled.

Then, all of a sudden it's Thursday night, and as you sit down to do your home-work, you remember your essay for the next day. The numbness returns, and you sit there contemplating the situation.

After spending two hours feeling sorry for yourself, you decide to buckle down to work. First you must get all of your needed supplies together: a stack of paper, a dozen pencils, a pen, and some ink. At last, ready for work, you start to sit down, but you've forgotten something, so up you jump.

Half an hour later you return from the kitchen well supplied with sandwiches, milk, cookies, and fruit. After arranging all this on the table, you finally start to write, and between cookies you finally get a title. The stack of paper on the floor grows, the pencils break, and the food supply is completely exhausted. So goes the night.

After many tries, however, you seem to accomplish a rough copy of an essay. Now it is time to rest.

It is now early morning, and your sixth ink copy is nearing completion. Oops! Well, you'll make it next time. So you begin again. At long last the essay is lying on the table and the essayist is ready for bed.

The morning dawns bright and beautiful, for you have your essay. The walk to school seems more beautiful than you have ever seen it, and the school building appears to be a royal palace of learning, filled with jewels of knowledge.

The usually dreaded class is anticipated with pleasure, and as you walk into class you feel an unexplainable pleasure.

After class, as you walk out of the door, a feeling of peace and contentment engulfs you, and you're sitting on top of the world.

Then, as you walk home from school, the good feeling slips away, and the old numbness returns, for there is another essay due next Friday.

Thought and Fancy

by ANN WAGNER

I

Thoughts On Leaving Petersburg High School

Since first I softly knocked on learning's door,
My mind has journeyed far from childish things.
No more think I of trivial thoughts of yore,
And graduation sadder thoughts now brings.
My high school years have quickly flown away,
And I am left with memories of gold.
As swiftly approaches my graduation day,
My heart is filled with grief and joy untold.
Soon I shall leave these hallowed halls to roam
This earth where peace and joy are hard to find.
Then weary I'll return at last to home
Recalling days that are so far behind.
Although at times they brought me grief and strife,
I'll find they were the best years of my life.

II

Morning

The fleecy clouds go rolling by
Under a bright blue morning sky.
The brilliant sun appears in view
To rob the flowers of their dew,
And morning life begins anew.
The playful breeze awakes the trees,
And yawning flowers attract the bees.

The morning mist moves softly on,
Its silent sleep aroused by dawn.
The crickets stop their nocturnal song,
And the sleepy brooklet flows along.
What peace serene when naught goes wrong,
When Nature goes her secret way
To start again the perfect day.

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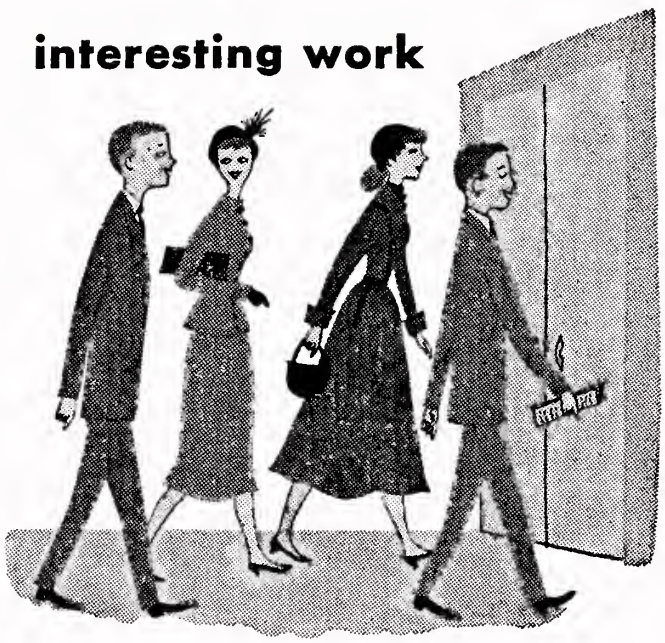

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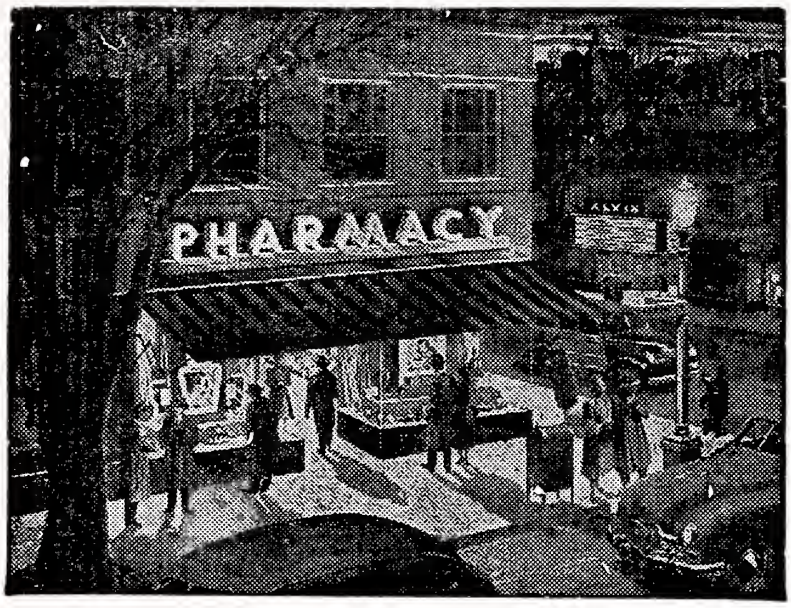

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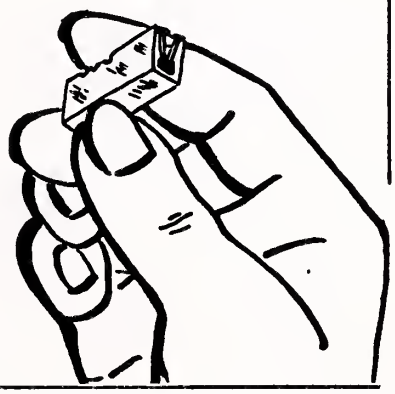

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